

THE
STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY
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Vol. II.
JULY TO DECEMBER



London:
BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND

1891



MADAME ALBANI AND THE LUCKY BLACK CAT.

Illustrated Interviews.

NO. III.—MADAME ALBANI.

IN one of the prettiest corners of Kensington is a quiet spot known as The Boltons. No happier or more suggestive name could have been found for it than that bestowed by the famous singer's little boy. He calls it "Our Village," and you have only to look out from the windows of any of the surrounding houses, and there, in the midst of a wealth of green and trees, is the church ; whilst there is nothing to disturb the stillness save the singing of the birds, which are piping here, there, and everywhere. In a large corner house, with great balconies which seem to suggest a trysting-place for Romeo and Juliet, resides Mrs. Ernest Gye, familiarly known the wide world over as Madame Albani. It is an attractive spot to the passer-by, and a delighted open-air audience may often be found there in the morning, when the sounds of the artiste's voice are to be heard, practising the opera for the night, in the drawing-room.

I could not have called at a more opportune time. It was the afternoon following her last appearance at Covent Garden this season, and the place was a veritable garden of flowers—floral rewards bestowed upon the singer the previous night for her dramatic rendering of *Desdemona* in "Otello." Wherever the eye looked there were flowers—roses were springing out of every nook and corner, huge

posies and heavy baskets, whilst leaning negligently against the wall of the drawing-room was a great A composed of white sweet-peas, and the tiny vases scattered about were brimming over with the blossoms. They had to be conveyed home in a cab last night, for the carriage was already full of them.

Madame Albani's talents have won for her a precious collection of souvenirs, and the house is a store for them. After passing through the entrance hall, where a moment before her clever dog "Chat" has kindly obliged by sitting for his picture, we come, on the immediate right, to Mr. Gye's study. On his table are set out homely photos of himself, his wife, and their only child, Ernest ; and over the fireplace is a magnificent stag's head, a reminiscence of Scotland. In a niche in the hall by the window is a life-size statue of their son, by Prince Victor of Hohenlohe. The little fellow is in sailor's costume, and playing

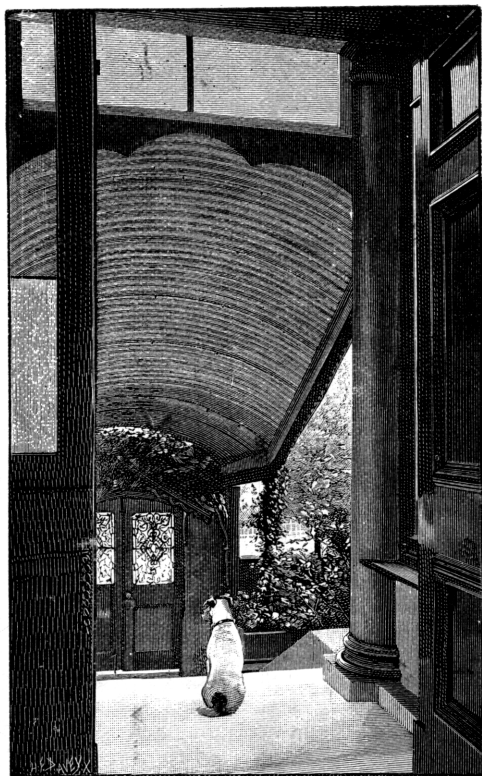
with a toy railway engine, his one great amusement when three or four years of age, when he could boast of a collection of engines and tenders which would make any child in the land pardonably envious. It is in the drawing-room where one realises to what extent Madame Albani's talents have been acknowledged, so far as the bestowal of kindly gifts conveys appreciation. The apartment is richly draped, and its walls are an agreeable



From a Photo, by]

MADAME ALBANI.

[Kameke.



From a Photo, by] THE ENTRANCE HALL. [Elliott & Fry.

symphony of amber and cream. The elaborately-worked cushions and footstools, the chairs, almost in miniature, and exquisitely draped, the tables positively loaded with gifts, are innumerable. One table is set out with silver trinkets—silver ships, fishes, horses, scent bottles, and even snuff boxes. At the far end of the room is a cabinet filled with valuable pieces of china, and close by is a bust of Madame Albani by the same Royal sculptor who executed that of her son. Here, too, is a harp, for the singer is a brilliant harpist, and her fingers often run over the strings. The piano is a useful-looking one, and it need be, for its keys are severely and incessantly worked. An interesting photo stands here on a crimson plush easel. It is that of the Princess Frederica of Hanover, who, being desirous of being photographed as *Elsa* in "*Lohengrin*," borrowed the real costume in the shape of the identical cloak and veil worn by Madame Albani when singing in the character. An interesting gift, too, is that of a fine vase presented to her by the Empress Augusta of Germany. It shows the

palace and the window where the old Emperor was wont to stand and salute the guard. In a glass case, by the window, is a silver wreath—a reminiscence of the terrible inundations in Belgium, presented by the Mayor of Brussels when the artist sang in aid of a fund for the sufferers.

But what strikes one most of all are the almost countless photos of nearly every member of the Royal family. Madame Albani may justly claim to be the favourite singer of the Queen. When the vocalist visited Berlin a few years ago the Queen sent a telegram to the Crown Princess, speaking in the highest terms of the great singer; and this telegram is here preserved. Once every year Her Majesty visits her favourite at Old Mar Lodge, and takes tea there, and many are the "private appearances" at Balmoral, when the Queen often listens to the delightful voice in many an old song and ballad of which she is so fond. It was when Her Majesty was paying her customary visit to the old hunting lodge of the Duke of Fife that she brought with her the Jubilee portrait of herself which hangs near the drawing-room mantel-board, framed in gold and surmounted with a crown. Look along the mantel-board—every photo bears the autograph of the giver. The Prince and Princess of Wales are in ivory frames,



MASTER ERNEST GYE.



From a Photo, by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry,

and near to them are the Duke and Duchess of Fife and the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. Here, again, is the Queen with one of the Duke of Connaught's children, the old Emperor of Germany and Princess Beatrice.

The dining-room is an apartment remarkable for its fine oak furniture—a beautifully carved sideboard and quaint clerical-looking high-back chairs. The table—which for the moment is florally decorated with sweet-peas which have evidently strayed from the great A—is lighted by a trio of electric lights beneath an immense crimson shade. The room contains many fine oil paintings, and against a chair, presumably waiting to fill a place on the wall, is an engraving of the Jubilee picture of the scene in Westminster Abbey, showing Madame Albani standing next to Miss Ellen Terry. A fine water-colour shows a glen.

with the smoke of Old Mar Lodge rising. This is the resting-place of Madame Albani for two months every year. It is a quaint old Scotch house, possessing a grand garden, where the singer frankly admits she spends her time in gathering flowers and eating raspberries. Here, too, her

abilities as an amateur gardener and angler have full play. Every morning, after breakfast, the beds have her close attention for one allotted hour, and then, with rod and line, she will sit on the banks of the Dee, and many a good trout and weighty salmon have responded to her silent invitation to take "a bite."

A little conservatory, sweet with fuchsias and gay with ferns and palms, where Miss Lajeunesse—Madame Albani's sister—is just now engaged in watering them, leads



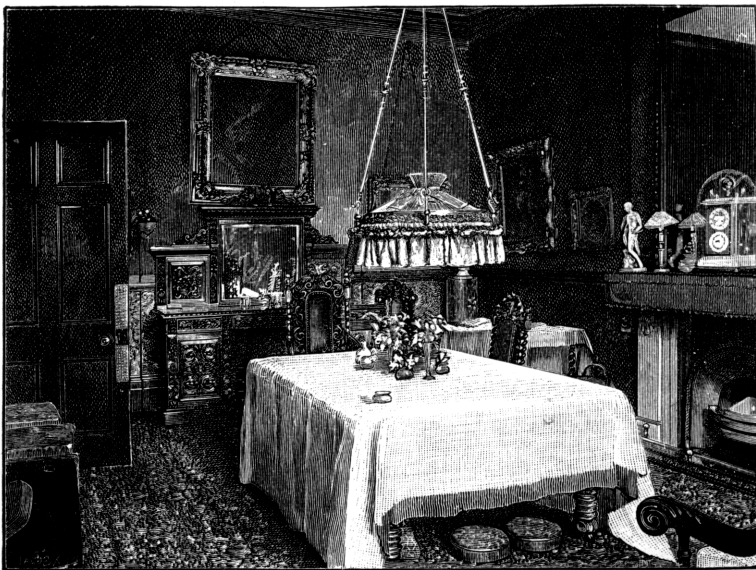
From a Photo, by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry

from the dining-room to the garden, with its beds and banks of ferns, marguerites, bluebells, and scarlet geraniums. Beneath a leafy arch the singer, in our illustration, is seen standing.

Just then the clock in the dining-room chimes five—a suggestive warning that in the prettiest corner of the drawing-room a little table is laid out for tea; for it was during such an essentially Kensingtonian ceremony as “five o'clock tea” that I learnt from Madame Albani's lips the story of her life. It is no easy matter to describe the famous singer.



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

She is a handsome woman, of unbounded vivacity, and speaks with a charming French accent. She accompanies her story with constant gesture, and is always smiling. She will look at you and speak most seriously, but her eyes are ever twinkling with merriment. She is a delightful woman, who has won her present position to-day by sheer hard work.

“What am I to tell you? What am I to tell you?” she exclaims, pouring out a cup of tea. “Shall I go back to many, many years ago, when as a tiny mite of two and a half I used to watch my father's fingers on the violin, as I stood by his side and tried to sing each note? Well, I will. That was at Chambly, near Montreal, where I was born on November 1, 1851, in a little house that was so small, that when they wanted to make some alterations in the neighbourhood, they lifted it up and moved it away bodily. But it is not destroyed. Another spot was found for it. My father was a professor of music and organist, and at that early age I commenced to study. I have heard him say that I sang before I talked. When I was four my mother also looked after my musical training, and a year later I was practising five and six hours every day. I often used to practise then two hours every morning before



From a Photo. by]

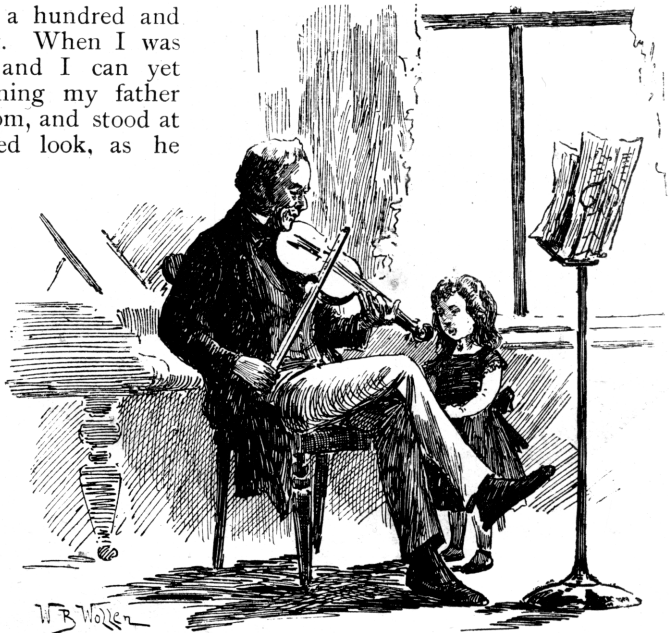
THE CONSERVATORY STEPS.

[Elliott & Fry.

breakfast, and get through a hundred and fifty pages of music a day. When I was seven my mother died, and I can yet remember how one morning my father suddenly came into the room, and stood at the door with a surprised look, as he listened to me singing my favourite little bits out of such operas as "Lucrezia Borgia," "Martha," and "Norma."

"One day my father and I were at a large store where I used to practise on the piano, and a Scotchman, who was giving concerts in Montreal, came in. I was eight years old at the time, and he persuaded my father to let me sing at a concert. I did, and I had to give three concerts, and every night the stage used to be strewn with flowers.

Flowers! Why, do you know I once had a great floral trophy given to me that took three men to bring on to the stage? It was



"I WATCHED HIS FINGERS."

all composed of roses, and was a gift from the ladies of Philadelphia.

"When I was nine, I entered the convent of The Sacred Heart, at Sault-au-Recollet. I was organist there, and remained there several years, and after leaving we went to live at Albany. Ah! does that name strike you? Yes, you are quite correct. After studying in Paris under Duprez, and afterwards with Lamperti, at Milan, I made my *début* there in 1870 as *Amina* in "Sonnambula," under the name of Albani, out of remembrance of the city, the people of which helped me so much, and where I think my future career was decided upon. You see, I just changed the last letter to i, and that gave me my operatic name. I



THE MADMAN'S GIFT.

well remember that first appearance. I had no friends in the house that night, but I was not nearly so nervous as I felt when I sang in "Otello" for the first time, many years afterwards.

I returned with a huge parcel wrapped up in a beautiful lace shawl. I opened it, and there, to my surprise, were all kinds of jewellery—chains, locketts, diamond earrings, bracelets, brooches, and trinkets innumerable. I returned them at once, and it transpired that only the previous day the sender had been discharged from the asylum at Naples as quite cured. The same night he had come to the opera, and, I

suppose, liked my singing. Where did the jewels come from? They belonged to his wife. He had stripped her jewel cases of everything. Poor fellow! he was sent back to Naples again.

When one is eighteen one has no fear. At the first rehearsal I trembled a little bit, for, you see, I was French-Canadian, and not Italian, but at the finish of my first song my brother and sister artistes took me up and almost carried me to my room.

"It was there—at Messina—that I very nearly made the acquaintance of a madman; at any rate, I am sorry to say that I was the means of sending him back to the lunatic asylum again. In Italy presents to artistes are very numerous, and people pay one all sorts of attentions. It was the morning after the opera, and I was just dressed. My maid came to me and said there was a gentleman who wanted to see me below on most important business. I despatched my maid to say that I was very busy, when, a few minutes afterwards, she



OLD MAR LODGE.



DRAWING-ROOM, OLD MAR LODGE.

"It was in Italy, too, that the opera house came very near to being burnt down, and this little incident will just show you how calm the generally considered impetuous Italian can be in case of emergency. It was towards the end of the second act, when suddenly I saw one of the ballet dancers rush out of her room with her thin dress ablaze. The room where the dancers dressed was on fire. We had to pass it to get out into the street near the stage door. They covered me up in great shawls and carried me out to a café opposite. The fire was put out in twenty minutes. I returned to the theatre, we finished the opera, and everybody enjoyed it just as though nothing had happened.

"I made my *début* in London at Covent Garden on April 2, 1872, in my favourite *Amina*, and I don't mind confessing that I attributed a great deal of my success that night to the sudden appear-

ance of a big black cat. I am very superstitious. I always occupy the same room at the theatre—it is one of the largest in the house. Just as I was all ready, and preparing to go on to the stage, the door was slowly and silently pushed open, and one of the biggest black cats imaginable peeped in and looked up at me. Oh! how delighted I was! Yes, I don't wonder at your smiling, but a black cat has always been a lucky thing for me, and I would welcome one at any time;" and the gifted artiste laughs heartily as she tells

me that she does not keep one specially in the house to ensure good fortune entering at the front door. But, she has "Chat," her pet terrier—a fine young fellow, who lies on the rug at the foot of the piano, and listens to every note whilst his mistress

is practising. "Chat" is clever, too, and would be a distinct acquisition to any performing troupe.

For a moment Madame Albani rearranges some of the flowers in the room, and, as she handles a particularly fine bouquet of crimson roses, a smile comes over her face.

"It was just like that," she quietly remarks, with the smile still there, and weighing the bunch of flowers somewhat mischievously and meditatively in her hands. And then the recollection which had made her smile leaked out. The stage of Covent Garden Theatre was the scene. Amid intense excitement, amongst the flowers thrown

over the footlights was a bouquet containing a bracelet. But, unfortunately for poor Madame Albani, the aim was not straight, the roses were not as soft as they are generally supposed to be, and the floral missile, instead of landing gracefully before her feet, struck her on the head. The artiste laughed most heartily as she remembered this little incident.

"Since I commenced my career I have sung in some strange places. One of my most remarkable experiences was in Russia, at the Royal marriage. In Russia the



MADAME ALBANI AS "MARGHERITA" (*Faust*).
From a Photograph by Heath & Bullingham, Plymouth.

singers are all considered as servants. Well, it was most strange. We were all put in a sort of balcony which looked down upon the banqueting scene below, and as each of our turns came to sing, we went to a little opening and sang through it. What amused me was this, that all the time we were trying to sing our best, and produce our notes most effectively, the clatter of knives and forks still went on, and to make all complete, the singer might be in a most impressive passage and right in the midst of it, when, quite regardless of the uncomplaining singers, there would be a flourish of trumpets and somebody would get up and propose a toast. I was more fortunate than Madame Patti, for she was interrupted in the middle of her solo.

"Yes, I have often had requests to sing beside a deathbed or a person very ill. I sang to the old Bishop of Albany when he was suffering. The first festival I ever sang in was at Norwich, and when I returned to that place after six years, I had a letter from an old gentleman who heard me there, and who was now bedridden. He wanted to hear 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and I shall never forget standing there by his side and singing that beautiful song. And many a time have I had to convert the balcony of the hotel where I was staying into a temporary platform, and appear at midnight, long after the opera was over, and sing 'Home, sweet Home,' or some such popular ballad to the people waiting outside. That was the case at Dublin some few years ago, when the students there took the horses out of my carriage, and I was told that if I did not sing they would break the windows of the hotel. I stood on the balcony, wrapped up in great shawls, for it was a bitterly cold night, and it was no easy matter to sing 'The Last Rose of Summer' under those circumstances.

"I have sung, too, in the quiet little church at Braemar in the choir, and it was there that I received what I have always considered one of my greatest compliments. The speaker was one of the mountain folk, and had never even been to Edinburgh. When the service was over a friend of mine heard

him say, "I never thought anybody could have such control over one's voice." That was all, but that is the whole secret of a singer's success—perfect control."

Then it was that I learned something about Madame Albani's method of studying. Like all great singers, she has one hard and fast rule which binds her household. When rehearsing nobody is ever allowed to disturb her. Her soul is in her work just as earnestly in the drawing-room as on the stage. She is a remarkably quick study, a thing she attributes to her arduous

though enjoyable training in her early childhood. Madame Albani studied and sang "Lo-hengrin" in a fortnight, and she has been equally rapid in gaining her knowledge of such lengthy studies as *Margherita*, *Ophelia*, *Mignon*, *Elisabetta*, *Lucia*, and other operatic characters which will always be associated with her name. When she is about to take up a new character, she will first of all sit down quietly in the wicker chair in the conservatory, or in some quiet



From a

"CHAT."

[Photograph.]

and undisturbable corner about the house, and taking the score in her lap, run through the music. Then she devotes herself to the words. Having learnt these, she now sits down to the piano, and commences work in real earnest. Having learnt both words and music, the services of an accompanist are called in, and, as she plays, Madame Albani will take up her position in the room, and, imagining the other characters about her, rehearse piece by piece. The morning preceding the opera she will go through every note to be sung in the evening. After all this individual work it is possible that she may get three piano rehearsals at the theatre, two fully orchestral, and one for action and situations.

She likes "Otello" best of any opera. She learnt the music of it in a fortnight.

"But," once more resumes the artiste, "there is much more to think about besides words and music. I read my Shakespeare well, and the operatic singer must realise the character to be 'sung,' just as much as the actor must realise the part he is to play. I design all my own dresses,

and get most of my ideas from South Kensington Museum. Sometimes I see a figure in a picture that strikes me, and I may borrow a sleeve from that, and a design for a bodice from another. These costumes when made up cost from 70 to 80 guineas, and some much more. I have dresses for twenty operas, and many operas require three or four distinct changes of costume. The expense of these does not include jewels? Oh! dear, no; the jewellery I wear on them would make them worth many, many hundreds of pounds. Will I show you my jewels? Just wait a moment."

She leaves the room for a moment, and then returns with a big bundle of letters and a great bag.

"These letters are all applications for my autograph. I get them from all parts of the world—India, Australia, New Zealand. When I have collected a couple of hundred of them, I just clear them all over at once, devoting a morning to the task." Then opening the bag, a score of cases are brought out, the lids of which when raised present to the view gifts from every Royal personage in Europe. One by one Madame Albani takes them out. Here is a cross of sparkling gems presented to her by the late Emperor of Russia, and a diamond star and a butterfly of jewels given by the subscribers to the opera at St. Petersburg and Moscow. In Russia, on the benefit night of a

favourite artiste, the subscribers collect as much money as they possibly can, and spend it in providing presents. The body of the butterfly—which I have in my hand—is one great emerald, and the wings are of rubies and diamonds. This is a gold medal from the old German Emperor, who appointed Madame Albani Court singer the last year he was alive. It was struck to commemorate his 80th year in the army, and the 90th year of his age, and was a reward to the artiste for having specially studied German in order to sing 'Lohengrin' in the language of the Fatherland.

Many are the presents from the Queen—a gold cross set with emeralds and diamonds, and a glance at Madame Albani's wrist shows two magnificent bracelets which she always wears. They are both of gold; one is set with emeralds and diamonds, a gift from Her Majesty, and the other is of rubies and diamonds, from the Princess of Wales.

Again the clock is heard chiming, and the watchful "Chat" follows me to the top of the steps which lead into "Our Village." Again the sounds of the piano are heard; a voice—which has reached many a heart—is singing. As I hurry away I am inclined to envy those who often have to pass by the house I have just left.



From Photo. by] MADAME ALBANI AS "ELSA" (*Lohengrin*). [Sarony, New York.

HARRY HOW.



BY BRET HARTE.

THE mail stage had just passed Laurel Run. So rapidly that the whirling cloud of dust dragged with it down the steep grade from the summit hung over the level long after the stage had vanished, and then, drifting away, slowly sifted a red precipitate over the hot platform of the Laurel Run Post-office.

Out of this cloud presently emerged the neat figure of the Postmistress with the mail bag which had been dexterously flung at her feet from the top of the passing vehicle. A dozen loungers eagerly stretched out their hands to assist her, but the warning: "It's agin the rules, boys, for any but her to touch it," from a bystander, and a coquettish shake of the head from the Postmistress herself—much more effective than any official interdict—withheld them. The bag was not heavy—Laurel Run was too recent a settlement to have attracted much correspondence—and the young woman, having pounced upon her prey with a certain feline instinct, dragged it, not without difficulty, behind the partitioned enclosure in the office, and locked the door. Her pretty face, momentarily visible through the window, was slightly flushed with the exertion, and the loose ends of her fair hair, wet with perspiration, curled themselves over her forehead into tantalising little rings. But the window shutter

was quickly closed, and this momentary but charming vision withdrawn from the waiting public.

"Guv'ment oughter have more sense than to make a woman pick mail bags outer the road," said Jo Simmons, sympathetically. "'Tain't in her day's work anyhow; Guv'ment oughter hand 'em over to her like a lady; it's rich enough and ugly enough."

"'Tain't Guv'ment, it's that Stage Company's airs and graces," interrupted a newcomer. "They think it mighty fine to go beltin' by, makin' everybody take their dust—just because *stoppin'* ain't in their contract. Why, if that express-man who chucked down the bag had any feelin's for a lady—" but he stopped here at the amused faces of his auditors.

"Guess you don't know much o' that express-man's feelin's, stranger," said Simmons grimly. "Why, you oughter see him just nussin' that bag like a baby as he comes tearin' down the grade, and then rise up and sorter heave it to Mrs. Baker ez if it was a five dollar bokay! His feelin's for her! Why, he's give himself so dead away to her that we're looking for him to forget what he's doin' next, and just come sailin' down hisself at her feet."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the partition, Mrs. Baker had brushed the red dust from the padlocked bag, and removed what

seemed to be a supplementary package attached to it by a wire. Opening it she found a handsome scent-bottle, evidently a superadded gift from the devoted expressman. This she put aside with a slight smile and the murmured word, "Foolishness." But when she had unlocked the bag, even its sacred interior was also profaned by a covert parcel from the adjacent postmaster at Burnt Ridge, containing a gold "specimen" brooch and some circus tickets. It was laid aside with the other. This also was vanity and—presumably—vexation of spirit.

There were seventeen letters in all, of which five were for herself—and yet the proportion was small that morning. Two of them were marked "Official business," and were promptly put by with feminine discernment; but in another compartment than that holding the presents. Then the shutter was opened, and the task of delivery commenced.

It was accompanied with a social peculiarity that had in time become a habit of Laurel Run. As the young woman delivered the letters, in turn, to the men who were patiently drawn up in Indian file, she made that simple act a medium of privileged but limited conversation on special or general topics—gay or serious as the case might be—or the temperament of the man suggested. That it was almost always of a complimentary character on their part may be readily imagined; but it was invariably characterised by an element of refined restraint, and, whether from some implied understanding or individual sense of honour—it never passed the bounds of conventionality or a certain delicacy of respect. The delivery was consequently more or less protracted, but when each man had exchanged his three or four minutes' conversation with the fair Postmistress—a conversation at times impeded by bashfulness or timidity, on his part solely, or restricted often to vague smiling—he resignedly made way for the next. It was a formal levee, mitigated by the informality of rustic tact,

great good humour, and infinite patience, and would have been amusing, had it not always been terribly in earnest and at times touching. For it was peculiar to the place and the epoch, and indeed implied the whole history of Mrs. Baker.

She was the wife of John Baker, foreman of "The Last Chance," now for a year lying dead under half a mile of crushed and beaten in tunnel at Burnt Ridge. There had been a sudden outcry from the depths at high hot noontide one day, and John had rushed from his cabin—his young, foolish, flirting wife clinging to him—to answer that despairing cry of his imprisoned men. There was one exit that he alone knew which might be yet held open, among falling walls and tottering timbers, long enough to set them free. For one moment only the strong man hesitated



"THE YOUNG WOMAN DELIVERED THE LETTERS."

between her entreating arms and his brothers' despairing cry. But she rose suddenly with a pale face, and said, "Go, John; I will wait for you here." He went, the men were freed—but she had waited for him ever since!

Yet in the shock of the calamity and in the after struggles of that poverty which had come to the ruined camp, she had

scarcely changed. But the men had. Although she was to all appearances the same giddy, pretty Betsy Baker, who had been so disturbing to the younger members, they seemed to be no longer disturbed by her. A certain subdued awe and respect, as if the martyred spirit of John Baker still held his arm around her, appeared to have come upon them all. They held their breath as this pretty woman, whose brief mourning had not seemed to affect her cheerfulness or even playfulness of spirit, passed before them. But she stood by her cabin and the camp—the only woman in a settlement of forty men—during the darkest hours of their fortune. Helping them to wash and cook, and ministering to their domestic needs; the sanctity of her cabin was, however, always kept as inviolable as if it had been *his* tomb. No one exactly knew why, for it was only a tacit instinct; but even one or two who had not scrupled to pay court to Betsy Baker during John Baker's life, shrank from even a suggestion of familiarity towards the woman who had said that she would "wait for him there."

When brighter days came and the settlement had increased by one or two families, and laggard capital had been hurried up to relieve the still beleaguered and locked-up wealth of Burnt Ridge, the needs of the community and the claims of the widow of John Baker were so well told in political quarters that the post-office of Laurel Run was created expressly for her. Every man participated in the building of the pretty yet substantial edifice—the only public building of Laurel Run—that stood in the dust of the great highway, half a mile from the settlement. There she was installed for certain hours of the day, for she could not be prevailed upon to abandon John's cabin, and here, with all the added respect due to a public functionary, she was secure in her privacy.

But the blind devotion of Laurel Run to John Baker's relict did not stop here. In its zeal to assure the Government authorities of the necessity for a post-office, and to secure a permanent competency to the post-mistress, there was much embarrassing extravagance. During the first week the sale of stamps at Laurel Run Post-office was unprecedented in the annals of the Department. Fancy prices were given for the first issue; then they were bought wildly, recklessly, unprofitably, and on all occasions. Complimentary congratulation at the little window invariably ended with

"and a dollar's worth of stamps, Mrs. Baker." It was felt to be supremely delicate to buy only the highest priced stamps, without reference to their adequacy; then mere *quantity* was sought; then outgoing letters were all overpaid, and stamped in outrageous proportion to their weight and even size. The imbecility of this, and its probable effect on the reputation of Laurel Run at the General Post-office, being pointed out by Mrs. Baker, stamps were adopted as local currency, and even for decorative purposes on mirrors and the walls of cabins. Everybody wrote letters, with the result, however, that those *sent* were ludicrously and suspiciously in excess of those received. To obviate this, select parties made forced journeys to Hickory Hill, the next post-office, with letters and circulars addressed to themselves at Laurel Run. How long the extravagance would have continued is not known, but it was not until it was rumoured that, in consequence of this excessive flow of business, the Department had concluded that a post-master would be better fitted for the place that it abated, and a compromise was effected with the General Office by a permanent salary to the Postmistress.

Such was the history of Mrs. Baker, who had just finished her afternoon levee, nodded a smiling "good-bye" to her last customer, and closed her shutter again. Then she took up her own letters, but, before reading them, glanced, with a pretty impatience, at the two official envelopes addressed to herself, which she had shelved. They were generally a "lot of new rules," or notifications, or "absurd" questions which had nothing to do with Laurel Run, and only bothered her and "made her head ache," and she had usually referred them to her admiring neighbour at Hickory Hill for explanation, who had generally returned them to her with the brief endorsement, "Purp stuff, don't bother," or, "Hog wash, let it slide." She remembered now that he had not returned the two last. With knitted brows and a slight pout she put aside her private correspondence and tore open the first one. It referred with official curttness to an unanswered communication of the previous week, and was "compelled to remind her of rule 47." Again those horrid rules! She opened the other; the frown deepened on her brow, and became fixed.

It was a summary of certain valuable money letters that had miscarried on the

route, and of which they had given her previous information. For a moment her cheeks blazed. How dare they; what did they mean! Her way-bills and register were always right; she knew the names of every man, woman, and child in her district; no such names as those borne by the missing letters had ever existed at Laurel Run; no such addresses had ever been sent from Laurel Run post-office. It was a mean insinuation! She would send in her resignation at once! She would get "the boys" to write an insulting letter to Senator Slocumb — Mrs. Baker had the feminine idea of Government as a purely personal institution—and she would find out who it was that had put them up to this prying, crawling impudence!

It was probably that wall-eyed old wife of the postmaster at Heavy Tree Crossing, who was jealous of her. "Remind her of their previous unanswered communication," indeed! Where was that communication, anyway? She remembered she had sent it to her admirer at Hickory Hill. Odd that he hadn't answered it. Of course, he knew all about this meanness—could he, too, have dared to suspect her! The thought turned her crimson again. He, Stanton Green, was an old "Laurel Runner," a friend of John's, a little "triffin'" and "presoomin'," but still an old loyal pioneer of the camp! "Why hadn't he spoke up?"

There was the soft muffled fall of a horse's hoof in the thick dust of the highway, the jingle of dismounting spurs, and a firm tread on the platform. No doubt, one of the boys returning for a few supplemental remarks under the feeble pretence of forgotten stamps. It had been done before, and she had resented it as "cayotin' round"; but now she was eager to pour out her wrongs to the first comer. She had her hand impulsively on the door of the partition, when she stopped with a new sense of her impaired dignity. Could she



"A STRANGER ENTERED."

confess this to her worshippers? But here the door opened in her very face and a stranger entered.

He was a man of fifty, compactly and strongly built. A squarely cut goatee, slightly streaked with grey, fell straight from his thin-lipped but handsome mouth; his eyes were dark, humorous, yet searching. But the distinctive quality that struck Mrs. Baker was the blending of urban ease with frontier frankness. He was evidently a man who had seen cities and knew countries as well. And while he was dressed with the comfortable simplicity of a Californian mounted traveller, her inexperienced but feminine eye detected the keynote of his respectability in the carefully tied bow of his cravat. The Sierrean throat was apt to be open, free, and unfettered.

"Good morning, Mrs. Baker," he said, pleasantly, with his hat already in his hand. "I'm Harry Home, of San Francisco." As he spoke his eye swept approvingly over the neat enclosure, the primly-tied papers, and well-kept pigeon holes; the pot of flowers on her desk; her china silk mantle, and killing little chip hat and ribbons hanging against the wall; thence to her own pink flushed face, bright blue

eyes, tendrilled clinging hair, and then—fell upon the leathern mail bag still lying across the table. Here it became fixed on the unfortunate wire of the amorous express-man that yet remained hanging from the brass wards of the lock, and he reached his hand toward it.

But little Mrs. Baker was before him, and had seized it in her arms. She had been too pre-occupied and bewildered to resent his first intrusion behind the partition, but this last familiarity with her sacred official property—albeit empty—capped the climax of her wrongs.

"How dare you touch it!" she said indignantly. "How dare you come in here! Who are you, anyway? Go outside at once!"

The stranger fell back with an amused, deprecatory gesture, and a long, silent laugh. "I'm afraid you don't know me, after all!" he said, pleasantly. "I'm Harry Home, the Department Agent from the San Francisco office. My note of advice, No. 201, with my name on the envelope, seems to have miscarried too."

Even in her fright and astonishment it flashed upon Mrs. Baker that she had sent that notice, too, to Hickory Hill. But with it all the feminine secretive instinct within her was now thoroughly aroused, and she kept silent.

"I ought to have explained," he went on smilingly; "but you are quite right, Mrs. Baker," he added, nodding towards the bag. "As far as you knew, I had no business to go near it. Glad to see you know how to defend Uncle Sam's property so well. I was only a bit puzzled to know" (pointing to the wire) "if that thing was on the bag when it was delivered to you?"

Mrs. Baker saw no reason to conceal the truth. After all, this official was a man like the others, and it was just as well that he should understand her power. "It's only the express-man's foolishness," she said, with a slightly coquettish toss of her head. "He thinks it smart to tie some nonsense on that bag with the wire when he flings it down."

Mr. Home, with his eyes on her pretty face, seemed to think it a not inhuman or unpardonable folly. "As long as he doesn't meddle with the inside of the bag, I suppose you must put up with it," he said, laughingly. A dreadful recollection that the Hickory Hill postmaster had used the inside of the bag to convey *his* foolishness, came across her. It would never do

to confess it now. Her face must have shown some agitation, for the official resumed with a half-paternal, half-reassuring air, "But enough of this. Now, Mrs. Baker, to come to my business here! Briefly, then, it doesn't concern you in the least, except so far as it may relieve you and some others whom the Department knows equally well from a certain responsibility, and, perhaps, anxiety. We are pretty well posted down there in all that concerns Laurel Run, and I think" (with a slight bow), "we've known all about you and John Baker. My only business here is to take your place to-night in receiving the 'Omnibus Way Bag,' that you know arrives here at 9.30, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Baker, hurriedly; "but it never has anything for us, except——" (she caught herself up quickly, with a stammer, as she remembered the sighing Green's occasional offerings), "except a notification from Hickory Hill Post-office. It leaves there," she went on with an affectation of precision, "at half-past eight exactly, and it's about an hour's run—seven miles by road."

"Exactly," said Mr. Home. "Well, I will receive the bag, open it, and despatch it again. You can, if you choose, take a holiday."

"But," said Mrs. Baker, as she remembered that Laurel Run always made a point of attending her evening levee on account of the superior leisure it offered, "there are the people who come for letters, you know."

"I thought you said there were no letters at that time," said Mr. Home, quickly.

"No—but—but—" (with a slight hysterical stammer) "the boys come all the same."

"Oh!" said Mr. Home, dryly.

"And—O Lord!—" But here the spectacle of the possible discomfiture of Laurel Run at meeting the bearded face of Mr. Home, instead of her own smooth cheeks, at the window, combined with her nervous excitement, overcame her so that, throwing her little frilled apron over her head, she gave way to a paroxysm or hysterical laughter. Mr. Home waited with amused toleration for it to stop, and, when she had recovered, resumed. "Now, I should like to refer an instant to my first communication to you. Have you got it handy?"

Mrs. Baker's face fell. "No: I sent it

over to Mr. Green, of Hickory Hill, for information."

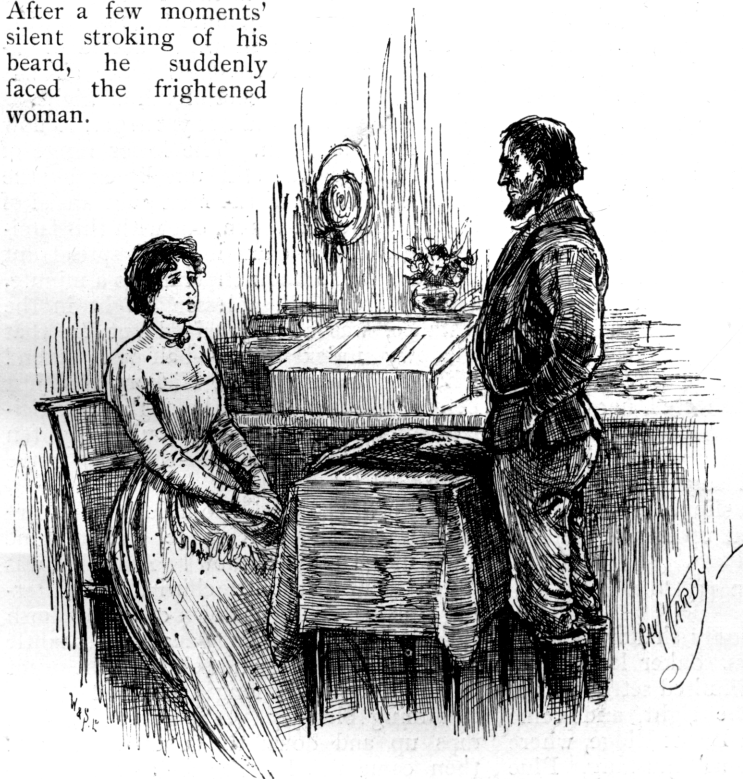
"What!"

Terrified at the sudden seriousness of the man's voice, she managed to gasp out, however, that, after her usual habit, she had not opened the official letters, but had sent them to her more experienced colleague for advice and information; that she never could understand them herself—they made her head ache, and interfered with her other duties—but *he* understood them, and sent her word what to do. Remembering, also, his usual style of endorsement, she grew red again.

"And what did he say?"

"Nothing; he didn't return them."

"Naturally," said Mr. Home, with a peculiar expression. After a few moments' silent stroking of his beard, he suddenly faced the frightened woman.



"HE SUDDENLY FACED THE FRIGHTENED WOMAN."

"You oblige me, Mrs. Baker, to speak more frankly to you than I had intended. You have—unwittingly, I believe—given information to a man whom the Government suspects of speculation. You have, without knowing it, warned the Postmaster at Hickory Hill that he is suspected; and, as you might have frustrated our

plans for tracing a series of embezzlements to their proper source, you will see that you might have also done great wrong to yourself as his only neighbour and the next responsible person. In plain words, we have traced the disappearance of money letters to a point when it lies between these two offices. Now, I have not the least hesitation in telling you that we do not suspect Laurel Run, and never have suspected it. Even the result of your thoughtless act, although it warned him, confirms our suspicion of his guilt. As to the warning, it has failed, or he has grown reckless, for another letter has been missed since. To-night, however, will settle all doubt in the matter. When I open that bag in this office to-night, and do not find

a certain decoy letter in it, which was last checked at Heavytree Crossing, I shall know that it remains in Green's possession at Hickory Hill."

She was sitting back in her chair, white and breathless. He glanced at her kindly, and then took up his hat. "Come, Mrs. Baker, don't let this worry you. As I told you at first, *you* have nothing to fear. Even your thoughtlessness and ignorance of rules has contributed to show your own innocence. Nobody will ever be the wiser for this; we do not advertise our affairs in the Department. Not a soul but yourself knows the real cause of my visit here. I will leave you here alone for a while, so as to divert any suspicion. You will

come, as usual, this evening, and be seen by your friends; I will only be here when the bag arrives, to open it. Good-bye, Mrs. Baker; it's a nasty bit of business, but it's all in the day's work. I've seen worse, and, thank God, you're out of it."

She heard his footsteps retreat into the outer office and die out of the platform;

the jingle of his spurs, and the hollow beat of his horsehoofs that seemed to find a dull echo in her own heart, and she was alone.

The room was very hot and very quiet ; she could hear the warping and creaking of the shingles under the relaxing of the nearly level sunbeams. The office clock struck seven. In the breathless silence that followed, a woodpecker took up his interrupted work on the roof, and seemed to beat out monotonously in her ear the last words of the stranger : Stanton Green—a thief ! Stanton Green, one of the “ boys ” John had helped out of the falling tunnel ! Stanton Green, whose old mother in the States still wrote letters to him at Laurel Run, in a few hours to be a disgraced and ruined man for ever ! She remembered now, as a thoughtless woman remembers, tales of his extravagance and fast living, of which she had taken no heed, and, with a sense of shame, of presents sent her, that she now clearly saw must have been far beyond his means. What would the boys say ? what would John have said ? Ah ! what would John have *done* !

She started suddenly to her feet, white and cold as on that day that she had parted from John Baker before the tunnel. She put on her hat and mantle, and going to that little iron safe that stood in the corner, unlocked it, and took out its entire contents of gold and silver. She had reached the door when another idea seized her, and opening her desk she collected her stamps to the last sheet, and hurriedly rolled them up under her cape. Then with a glance at the clock, and a rapid survey of the road from the platform, she slipped from it, and seemed to be swallowed up in the waiting woods beyond.

PART II.

ONCE within the friendly shadows of the long belt of pines, Mrs. Baker kept them until she had left the limited settlement of Laurel Run far to the right, and came upon an open slope of Burnt Ridge, where she knew Jo ‘ Simmons ’ mustang, Blue Lightning, would be quietly feeding. She had often ridden him before, and when she had detached the fifty-foot riata from his headstall, he permitted her the further recognised familiarity of twining her fingers in his bluish mane and climbing on his back. The tool shed of Burnt Ridge Tunnel, where Jo’s saddle and bridle always hung, was but a canter further on. She reached it unperceived, and—another trick

of the old days—quickly extemporised a side saddle from Simmons’ Mexican tree, with its high cantle and horn bow, and the aid of a blanket. Then leaping to her seat, she rapidly threw off her mantle, tied it by its sleeves around her waist, tucked it under one knee, and let it fall over her horse’s flanks. By this time Blue Lightning was also struck with a flash of equine recollection, and pricked up his ears. Mrs. Baker uttered a little chirping cry which he remembered, and the next moment they were both careering over the Ridge.

The trail that she had taken, though precipitate, difficult, and dangerous in places, was a clear gain of two miles on the stage road. There was less chance of her being followed or meeting anyone. The greater cañons were already in shadow ; the pines on the further ridges were separating their masses, and showing individual silhouettes against the sky, but the air was still warm, and the cool breath of night, as she well knew it, had not yet begun to flow down the mountain. The lower range of Burnt Ridge was still unclipsed by the creeping shadow of the mountain ahead of her. Without a watch, but with this familiar and slowly changing dial spread out before her, she knew the time to a minute. Heavy Tree Hill, a lesser height in the distance, was already wiped out by that shadowy index finger—half-past seven ! The stage would be at Hickory Hill just before half-past eight ; she ought to anticipate it, if possible—it would stay ten minutes to change horses—she *must* arrive before it left !

There was a good two-mile level before the rise of the next range. Now, Blue Lightning ! all you know ! And that was much—for with the little chip hat and fluttering ribbons well bent down over the bluish mane, and the streaming gauze of her mantle almost level with the horse’s back, she swept down across the long table-land like a skimming blue jay. A few more bird-like dips up and down the undulations, and then came the long, cruel ascent of the Divide.

Acrid with perspiration, caking with dust, slithering in the slippery, impalpable powder of the road, groggily staggering in a red dusty dream, coughing, snorting, head-tossing ; becoming suddenly dejected, with slouching haunch and limp legs on easy slopes, or wildly spasmodic and agile on sharp acclivities, Blue Lightning began to have ideas and recollections ! Ah ! she

was a devil for a lark—this lightly-clinging, caressing, blarneying, cooing creature—up there! He remembered her now. Ha! very well then. Hoop la! And suddenly leaping out like a rabbit, bucking, trotting hard, ambling lightly, “loping” on three legs, and recreating himself—as only a Californian mustang could—the invincible Blue Lightning at last stood triumphantly upon the summit. The evening star had just pricked itself through the golden mist of the horizon line—eight o'clock! She could do it now! But here, suddenly, her first hesitation seized her. She knew her horse, she knew the trail, she knew herself—but did she know *the man* to whom she was riding? A cold chill crept over her, and then she shivered in a sudden blast; it was Night at last swooping down from the now invisible Sierras, and possessing all it touched. But it was only one long descent to Hickory Hill now, and she swept down securely on its wings. Half-past eight! The lights of the settlement were just ahead of her—but so, too, were the two lamps of the waiting stage before the post-office and hotel.

Happily the lounging crowd were gathered around the hotel, and she slipped into the post-office from the rear, unperceived. As she stepped behind the partition, its only occupant—a good-looking young fellow with a reddish moustache—turned towards

her with a flush of delighted surprise. But it changed at the sight of the white, determined face and the brilliant eyes that had never looked once towards him, but were fixed upon a large bag, whose yawning mouth was still open and propped up beside his desk.

“Where is the through money letter that came in that bag?” she said, quickly.

“What—do—you—mean?” he stammered, with a face that had suddenly grown whiter than her own.

“I mean that it's a *decoy*, checked at Heavy Tree Crossing, and that Mr. Home, of San Francisco, is now waiting at my office to know if you have taken it!”

The laugh and lie that he had at first tried to summon to mouth and lips never reached them. For, under the spell of her rigid, truthful face, he turned almost mechanically to his desk, and took out a package.

“Good God! you've opened it already!” she cried, pointing to the broken seal.

The expression on her face, more than anything she had said, convinced him that she knew all. He stammered under the new alarm that her

despairing tone suggested. “Yes!—I was owing some bills—the collector was waiting here for the money, and I took something from the packet. But I was going to make it up by next mail—I swear it.”

“How much have you taken?”



BLUE LIGHTNING.

"Only a trifle. I——"

"How much?"

"A hundred dollars!"

She dragged the money she had brought from Laurel Run from her pocket, and counting out the sum, replaced it in the open package. He ran quickly to get the sealing wax, but she motioned him away as she dropped the package back into the mail bag. "No; as long as the money is found in the bag the package may have been broken *accidentally*. Now burst open one or two of those other packages a little—so;" she took out a packet of letters and bruised their official wrappings under her little foot until the tape fastening was loosened. "Now give me something heavy." She caught up a brass two-pound weight, and in the same feverish but collected haste wrapped it in paper, sealed it, stamped it, and, addressing it in a large printed hand to herself at Laurel Hill, dropped it in the bag. Then she closed it and locked it; he would have assisted her, but she again waved him away. "Send for the express-man, and keep yourself out of the way for a moment," she said curtly.

An attitude of weak admiration and foolish passion had taken the place of his former tremulous fear. He obeyed excitedly, but without a word. Mrs. Baker wiped her moist forehead and parched lips, and shook out her skirt. Well might the young express-man start at the unexpected revelation of those sparkling eyes and that demurely smiling mouth at the little window.

"Mrs. Baker!"

She put her finger quickly to her lips, and threw a world of unutterable and enigmatical meaning into her mischievous face.

"There's a big San Francisco swell takin' my place at Laurel to-night, Charley."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And it's a pity that the Omnibus Way-bag happened to get such a shaking up and banging round already, coming here."

"Eh?"

"I say," continued Mrs. Baker, with great gravity and dancing eyes, "that it would be just *awful* if that keener City clerk found things kinder mixed up inside when he comes to open it. I wouldn't give him trouble for the world, Charley."

"No, ma'am, it ain't like you."

"So you'll be particularly careful on *my* account."

"Mrs. Baker," said Charley, with infinite gravity, "if that bag *should* tumble off a

dozen times between this and Laurel Hill, I'll hop down and pick it up myself."

"Thank you! shake!"

They shook hands gravely across the window ledge.

"And you ain't givin' down with us, Mrs. Baker?"

"Of course not; it wouldn't do—for *I ain't here*—don't you see?"

"Of course!"

She handed him the bag through the door. He took it carefully, but in spite of his great precaution fell over it twice on his way to the road, where from certain exclamations and shouts it seemed that a like



"HE FELL OVER IT."

miserable mischance attended its elevation to the boot. Then Mrs. Baker came back into the office, and, as the wheels rolled away, threw herself into a chair, and inconsistently gave way for the first time to an outburst of tears. Then her hand was grasped suddenly, and she found Green on his knees before her. She started to her feet.

"Don't move," he said, with weak hysteric passion, "but listen to me, for God's sake! I am ruined, I know, even though

you have just saved me from detection and disgrace. I have been mad!—a fool, to do what I have done, I know, but you do not know all—you do not know why I did it—you cannot think of the temptation that has driven me to it. Listen, Mrs. Baker. I have been striving to get money, honestly, dishonestly—anyway, to look well in *your* eyes—to make myself worthy of you—to make myself rich, and to be able to offer you a home and take you away from Laurel Run. It was all for *you*—it was all for love of *you*, Betsy, my darling. Listen to me!”

In the fury, outraged sensibility, indignation, and infinite disgust that filled her little body at that moment, she should have been large, imperious, goddess-like, and commanding. But God is at times ironical with suffering womanhood. She could only writhe her hand from his grasp with childish contortions; she could only glare at him with eyes that were prettily and piquantly brilliant; she could only slap at his detaining hand with a plump and velvety palm, and when she found her voice it was high falsetto. And all she could say was, “Leave me be, looney, or I’ll scream!”

He rose, with a weak, confused laugh, half of miserable affectation and half of real anger and shame.

“What did you come riding over here for, then? What did you take all this risk for? Why did you rush over here to share my disgrace—for *you* are as much mixed up with this now as *I* am—if you didn’t calculate to share *everything else* with me? What did you come here for, then, if not for *me*?”

“What did *I* come here for?” said Mrs. Baker, with every drop of red blood gone from her cheek and trembling lip. “What—did—I—come here for? Well!—I came here for *John Baker’s* sake! John Baker, who stood between you and death at Burnt Ridge, as I stand between you and damnation at Laurel Run, Mr. Green! Yes, John Baker, lying under half of Burnt Ridge, but more to me this day than any living man crawling over it—in—in”—Oh, fatal climax!—“in a month o’ Sundays! What did I come here for? I came here as John Baker’s livin’ wife to carry on dead John Baker’s work. Yes, dirty work this time, maybe, Mr.

Green! but his work, and for *him* only—precious! That’s what I came here for; that’s what I *live* for; that’s what I’m waiting for—to be up to *him* and his work always! That’s me—Betsy Baker!”

She walked up and down rapidly, tying her chip hat under her chin again. Then she stopped, and taking her chamois purse from her pocket, laid it sharply on the desk.

“Stanton Green, don’t be a fool! Rise up out of this, and be a man again. Take enough out o’ that bag to pay what you owe Gov’m’t, send in your resignation, and keep the rest to start you in a honest life elsewhere. But light out o’ Hickory Hill afore this time to-morrow.”

She pulled her mantle from the wall and opened the door.

“You are going?” he said, bitterly.

“Yes.” Either she could not hold seriousness long in her capricious little fancy, or, with feminine tact, she sought to make the parting less difficult for him, for she broke into a dazzling smile. “Yes, I’m goin’ to run Blue Lightning agin Charley



“HE COLLECTED THE SCATTERED COINS.”

and that Way-bag back to Laurel Run, and break the record."

* * * * *

It is said that she did! Perhaps owing to the fact that the grade of the return journey to Laurel Run was in her favour, and that she could avoid the long, circuitous ascent to the summit taken by the stage, or that, owing to the extraordinary difficulties in the carriage of the way-bag—which had to be twice rescued from under the wheels of the stage—she entered the Laurel Run Post-office as the coach leaders came trotting up the hill. Mr. Home was already on the platform.

"You'll have to ballast your next way-bag, boss," said Charley, gravely, as it escaped his clutches once more in the dust of the road, "or you'll have to make a new contract with the company. We've lost ten minutes in five miles over that bucking thing."

Home did not reply, but quickly dragged his prize into the office, scarcely noticing Mrs. Baker, who stood beside him pale and breathless. As the bolt of the bag was drawn, revealing its chaotic interior, Mrs. Baker gave a little sigh. Home glanced quickly at her, emptied the bag upon the floor, and picked up the broken and half-

filled money parcel. Then he collected the scattered coins and counted them. "It's all right, Mrs. Baker," he said gravely. "*He's* safe this time!"

"I'm so glad!" said little Mrs. Baker, with a hypocritical gasp.

"So am I," returned Home, with increasing gravity, as he took the coin, "for, from all I have gathered this afternoon, it seems he was an old pioneer of Laurel Run, a friend of your husband's, and, I think, more fool than knave!" He was silent for a moment, clicking the coins against each other; then he said carelessly: "Did he get quite away, Mrs. Baker?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," said Mrs. Baker, with a lofty air of dignity, but a somewhat debasing colour. "I don't see why *I* should know anything about it, or why he should go away at all."

"Well," said Mr. Home, laying his hand gently on the widow's shoulder, "well, you see, it might have occurred to his friends that the *coins were marked!* That is, no doubt, the reason why he would take their good advice and go. But, as I said before, Mrs. Baker, *you're* all right, whatever happens—the Government stands by *you!*"



Young Tommy Atkins.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

"**H**ULLO, Dapper," said I, "what's up with you?"

"Same to you, Tommy, old boy. I'm down in the dumps, and am going to enlist. I hear good accounts of the army now, and they say that anyone who knows his drill, and is steady and well educated, is pretty sure of a commission. I've had a shindy at home, and I think a few years in the army would suit me down to the ground."

"Well, I'm reduced to my last shilling," said I.

"And I to my last sixpence," said Dapper, "so let's go and get another shilling at once."

I suggested a little more deliberation, and we sauntered into St. James's Park, sat down and discussed the situation. And at last I agreed to enlist with Dick Dapper.

We strolled leisurely through the Horse Guards and conned the bills headed "recruits wanted," and we were not long before a smart recruiting sergeant accosted us, and we walked with him to a public house called I think the "Blue

Pig." The sergeant took us to a quiet corner in a big room where there were other sergeants, and eight or ten young fellows woe-begone, but none of them so completely down in the dumps as Dapper and me.

"All found and a shilling a day," said the sergeant, smiling, "and the Government puts by £3 a year for you, till, at the end of seven years, you have £21 to receive for deferred pay. At the end of seven years with the colours, you will be drafted into the Reserves, and receive sixpence a day, and do twenty drills

a year. Now, that's all you want to know at present, so come with me to the barracks and see the doctor."

We got there with several other recruits, most of whom were required to have a hot bath; we were not, but we had to strip, and, in "our birthday suits," as Dapper described it, were ushered into the doctor's room.

"This regiment must be the First Buffs," said Dick to the doctor.

"Well, you're all in uniform, anyhow," said the doctor, laughing.

We were thoroughly examined, and I fancied that the doctor was entering in a book any particulars he could see, like mole

marks, tattooing, and so forth. Dick and I were both fairly developed for young men of eighteen, and passed the doctor all right. Dick's chest measured 35 inches, mine 36; the minimum accepted was 33 inches. The minimum weight was 115 lbs.—8 stone 3 lbs.—and we were both nearer 9 stone.

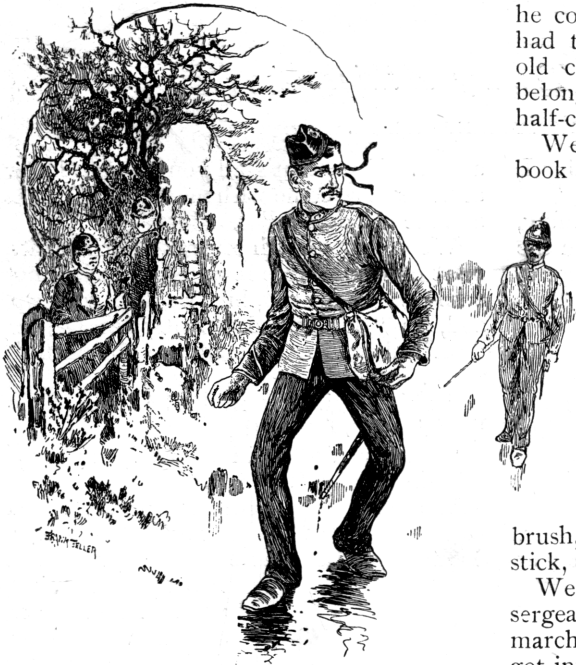
Our eyesight was tested by the hospital sergeant putting his hand over our left eyes, and asking how

many spots we could see on a board some paces off. Dick was a little doubtful when his left eye was covered, but the considerate sergeant opened the fingers, so that Dick could see with both eyes, and the doctor passed us as physically fit. Indeed, I heard that there were no rejections that day, though two recruits at least were not up to the standard of height, weight, or chest; but as they were promising lads who were likely to grow, they got their certificates.

Having been duly attested before a magistrate, we received, I think, 1s. 6d.



TRIMMING UP.



POST ORDERLY.

each, and were drafted off to the depôt of the Royal Wessex Regiment.

I sold my watch and chain to Sergeant Snapcap, and Dick disposed of a couple of pawn-tickets in the same way.

"You won't want watches in the army," said Snapcap, "and if you do you can buy a cheap one, and you won't be so likely to lose it."

This put nearly six pounds into my purse, and Dick got a sovereign for his two tickets.

At the barracks our first business was to dispose of our civilian clothes, about which there was no difficulty. Most of the recruits got rid of theirs to Jew dealers, but Sergeant Trail, who took us in tow to show us over the place, hinted that

he could make more of anything that we had to sell than we could get out of the old 'clo' man, so we both parted with our belongings to him, realising about three half-crowns each.

We were then entered in the brigade book and received our regimental numbers.

We then received our kits, which consisted of scarlet tunic, and navy blue trousers and a serge frock or jacket, a dark grey great-coat and cape, and short leather leggings; two grey flannel shirts, three pairs of socks, and a Glen-garry cap; two pairs of "Cossack" or "ammunition" boots; a set of blacking brushes, a clothes brush, and a tin of blacking. The small kit, as it was called, consisted of a knife, fork, spoon, razor, lather brush, hair brush and comb and button stick, and a hold-all to put them in.

We then received from the paymaster-sergeant our "ration money," and were marched off to our room in barracks. We got into our regimentals, and were introduced to one of the regimental barbers, who gave us the real "Royal Wessex cut." He told us that beards were only worn by the pioneers. We could, of course, shave ourselves. I fancied I saw Dick busy with a bit of pencil and a small card making a sketch of me, and he seemed awfully amused. It certainly was a close crop, but I never saw hair better cut.



THE KITCHEN—SERVING OUT BREAKFAST COFFEE.

Dick quite disconcerted the barber by saying: "Look here, Snipper, don't cut me as close as you have my chum, for I've got a scar I don't want seen."

"Oh, sir," said the barber, "soldiers' scars are honourable. Don't hide one if you have it."

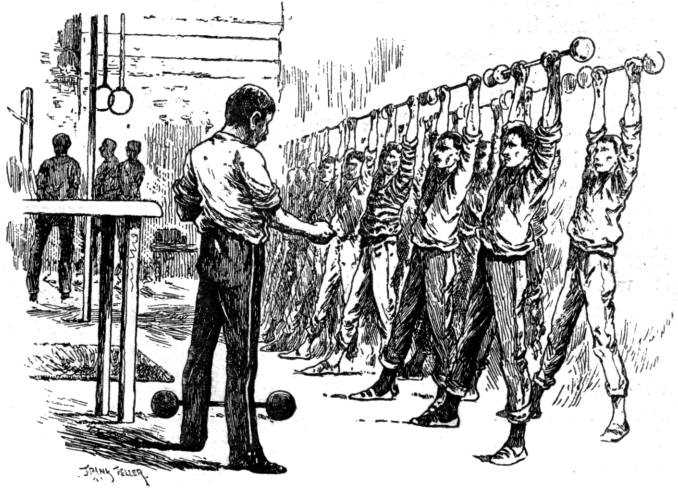
"But I didn't get it in a war," said Dick.

"Who's to know that?" said the barber. "Ah, I see it. Lots of our men would give a penny a day for a scar like that; it's a beauty."

Dick Dapper roared with laughter, and caused the barber to stick the point of his scissors in his head.

"Hold hard!" said Dick. "I don't want you to make any more scars; one's plenty for me."

Dick said he did not want any of the patent pomatum recommended by the barber, but was told that he could not wear his cap properly without it, and the "love lock" must be greased.

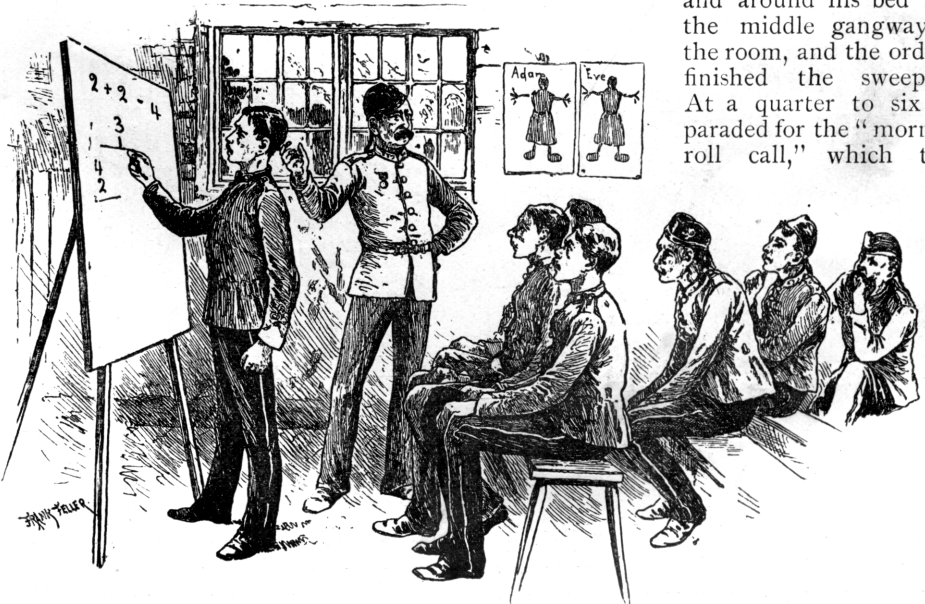


THE GYMNASIUM.

We were glad to get to bed, and delighted to find that, after the lights were out, there was none of the larking and tale-telling that Dapper and I were looking forward to. One man began singing a loose song, but the sergeant shut him up sharp with a threat of the guard-room.

The bugles woke us up at five, and we turned out sharp. It was a glorious morning, and we followed the example of our comrades by putting on "fatigue" dress. We packed up our beds like the rest, and

each one swept beneath and around his bed into the middle gangway of the room, and the orderly finished the sweeping. At a quarter to six we paraded for the "morning roll call," which took



THE SCHOOL.

about a quarter of an hour, and from 6 o'clock to a quarter to 8 we were furbishing up our uniforms, and paring the potatoes for the mess, the allowance being a pound for each man. We found this work rather irksome, and would have shirked it. Dapper wanted to know why they could not be cooked with their jackets on. Our sergeant was most sympathetic, and generally called one or both of us off to send us on some errand like fetching the letters, which was more to our tastes, and Dick was able now and then to add to his miniature sketch book—he was very clever with his pencil.

We had breakfast at a quarter to 8. The orderlies went to the kitchen and fetched



SENTRY GO.

did our best to gain his good opinion. We found our volunteering experience a wonderful help, and we were not long before we were promised promotion.

The commanding officer's parade was



KIT INSPECTION.

the coffee in pails. They also drew the day's rations, consisting of 1lb. of bread, three-quarters of a pound of boneless meat, and potatoes for each.

from 11 till 12, and all fell in in full dress and the bands attended.

At 12.45 the dinner bugle sounded, which seemed to be better understood than many



AIMING DRILL.

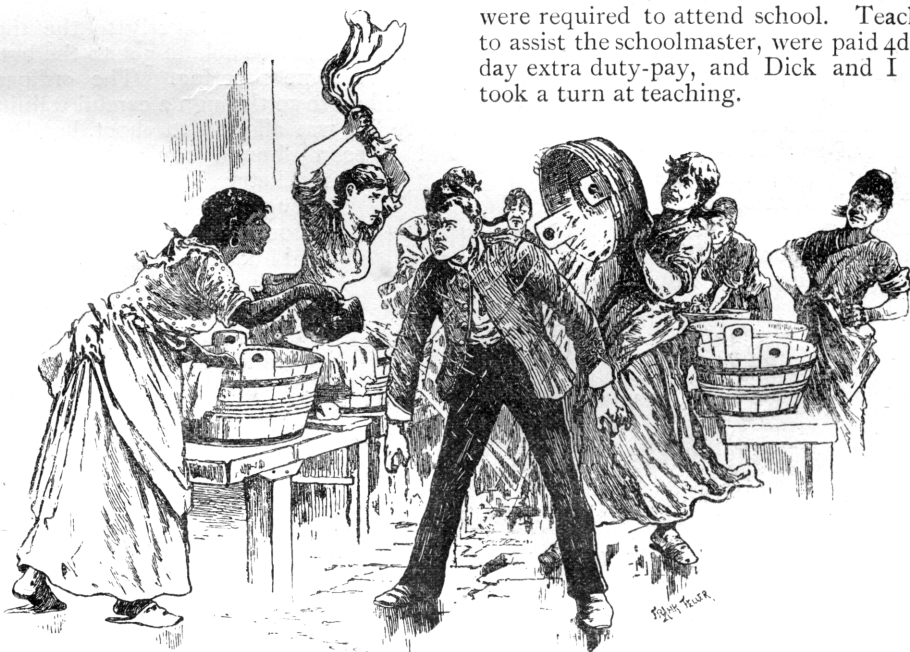
of the other "calls." There was very little variation in the daily *menu*, unless the "grocery book" showed a balance in hand of the paymaster-sergeant, which sometimes permitted of the addition of soup, which was brought in in pails like the coffee. We occasionally got pudding and "greens" in a similar way. No beer was allowed in the barrack-room, and as soon as the food was finished, there was a stampede to the canteen, where a pint of good beer could be had for three

halfpence. I ought to add that there were two canteens—the "wet" one and the "dry." The dry canteen supplied groceries, pickles, jams, sauces, and so forth, and was always open; the wet one was only open from 12 till 2, and from 6 till 9.30. Dapper declared he could not understand the distinction, for he always went to the wet canteen when he was dry.

During the dinner-time an officer looked into each room, and in-

quired if there were any complaints. I never heard any made, though some discontented grizzlers were always threatening what they would say when they got a chance. But they had no encouragement from any of us, and were systematically "sat on" or cold-shouldered.

The sergeant-major had another parade from 2 till 3. After that time till 5 we were free to do what we liked in barracks, but some who wanted setting up had to go to the gymnasium, and others who had not reached a certain standard of education were required to attend school. Teachers, to assist the schoolmaster, were paid 4d. per day extra duty-pay, and Dick and I each took a turn at teaching.



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

We were soon qualified for sentry duty, and at first found it pleasant enough, especially when we were supplied with fruit and a smile "over the garden wall." "Sentry go" meant two hours on duty and four off for twenty-four consecutive hours.

Tea was served at a quarter to four, and consisted of tea and bread and butter, with "snacks" for those who could afford to buy them.

From 5 till 6 the sergeant-major had another parade, and we were dismissed till 9.30, when "First Post" sounded, "Second Post" at 10, and "Lights out" at a quarter past 10.

This was the general daily routine, but on certain days it was varied. I was much struck with the appearance of the rooms when the officers made the "kit inspection" on Saturdays. Then every article of Government property comprised in the soldier's kit had to be neatly arranged on his bedstead so that their condition could be readily seen, and the soldier stood at attention at the bedside ready to answer any question. One day Dick at kit inspection got into

momentary trouble. "No blacking tin here," said the officer, pointing to Dick's kit, but he took no further notice. The sergeant, however, gave Dick a rare



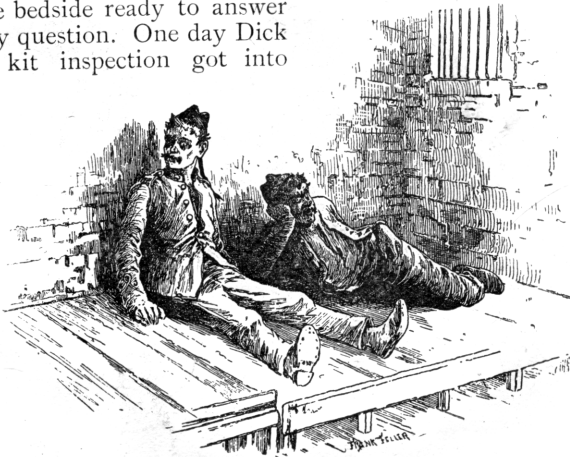
BARRACK TAILORS.

wigging, and wanted to know where it was. Dick had mixed the blacking with water in a jam jar, and was only waiting till he could get a brush, when he purposed ornamenting the barrack room with some startling design of his own.

We looked forward eagerly to the time when we should be able to get to the butts and have some shooting. The ordinary recruit had to go through a careful training before he was allowed to shoot, but Dick and I soon showed our proficiency in musketry, and were glad enough to be told after one lesson in aiming drill that we could begin class-firing at once.

Dick was delighted, and in a merry mood made for the laundry, as he said he had a grievance in that quarter. I give his version of what happened:—

"Serve me right," said he, "I deserved all I got. I pushed the washhouse door open, and chucking one of the women under the chin, I said, 'Look here, Lady Soapsuds, don't you scrub the buttons off my shirt like you did last week.' For which I got a spank on the face with a wet shirt, and a jug of water from a negress, and a



IN THE CELL: "TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES."



CONVALESCENT.

tub of suds from another woman. 'Let's show Mr. Cheeky our new wringing machine,' said one. 'Do, do,' they shouted, and I was soon surrounded by a dozen or more nymphs of the tub, one of whom dropped down behind me, and another pushed me backward over her; and amid shouts of laughter, they took me, head and heels, like a sheet ready for wringing, and gave me a twist, head one way and heels the other, and then dropped me. 'Now rinse him,' they shouted, and I was nearly drowned. One of them then dabbed my cheeks with the blue bag, and suggested that the sheet should be hung out to dry, but I managed to get to the door, and took to my heels." These laundresses are generally the wives of the married soldiers, and each man contributes a halfpenny per day to the laundry fund, and there is no limit to the clothes he likes to send to be washed.

Trades were not taught in our regiment, but there was a tailor's shop, a boot shop, and a carpenter's shop, in which soldiers who were qualified and were inclined that way, could earn extra pay. It was only repairing and altering that was done in these shops.

The evenings were very enjoyable. In the summer we had cricket, and for those who thought this too hard work or not to their taste, there was a skittle alley attached to the canteen.

Some went into the town, and often got into trouble through stopping too long and drinking too much at "The Swiggers' Arms." There was an awful

shindy there one night, which ended in a free fight between the "Dare Devil Dicks" and the "Bangshire Bucks," in which belts and fists were freely used, and we had to send out an extra strong picket and the ambulance to bring home our wounded. The guard-room was full to overflowing, and some of the more obstreperous had to be put into the cells, Dick, I am sorry to say, amongst the rest. He heard a call for "Dare Devil Dicks," and

joined in the scrimmage when he saw some of our men being badly mauled, and he let out right and left, to the astonishment of the "Bangshire Bucks."

Some of our men had been so badly hurt that they were sent into hospital.

I found that all sick soldiers were attended to with the greatest care. Anyone who wanted advice reported himself at nine o'clock in the morning, but urgent cases were sent to the hospital at once. The best of advice, medicine, and nursing were available, and the convalescents had a pretty



"A GOOD CONDUCT BADGE."

garden in which they could enjoy the fresh air and sunshine.

The prospect of promotion or the right to wear a good conduct badge was a great incentive to the recruits, and there was always great excitement when a new batch of promotions was issued. Dick and I were much amused one morning when we happened to peep into one of the huts and saw a two-year-old soldier trying to get a glimpse of himself in a small piece of broken looking-glass. He had just got his good-conduct badge, but, in the excitement of the moment, had pinned it on point downwards. This badge carries with it an extra penny a day. When a lance-corporal gets his stripe he gets an increase of 3d. per day; when he gets his second chevron his pay is 1s. 8d. per day; and the third, or sergeant's stripes, carries 2s. 4d. per day. Colour-sergeants get 3s., and staff-sergeants from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per day.

We were only in the ranks a few weeks before we got to be full corporals, and so got off the fatigue duty; but our last bit of fatigue work was amusing. We were both on fatigue duty, and the regiment had gone off early to take part in a field day some distance off; and Dick and I were left behind, and, amongst other things, had to whitewash the room. It was a fine summer day, and the work was

soon done, with the only discomfort of aching wrists and a plentiful sprinkling of whitewash over ourselves. When it was dry, Dick said: "Now for a little adorn-

ment. I'm going to put this sketch life-size over the mantel, and give the dado a frill"; and he showed me a little sketch of the canteen, with himself at the piano—he could play a breakdown, or vamp an accompaniment fairly well—and one of the men was dancing a jig.

"There will be a shindy," said I.

"Never mind," said Dick, "they can but make us wash it over."

He fetched his jam-pot with the blacking in ready mixed, and, producing two brushes, he set to work, while I did the dado edging. I was not very successful, so Dick said, "You rough it out and leave the finishing to me."

It was tea-time before we heard the regimental band playing "When Johnny comes marching home again," but we had finished our work and cleared all away.

The men roared with delight when they



SKITTLES.



"A SKETCH OF THE CANTEN."

saw the picture and recognised the portraits, and their shouts of laughter brought in the sergeant.

He stood petrified for a moment, and then burst out, "Devil fly away wid me, and who's been damaging the barrack walls like that? Fetch the whitewash and clear it out before the colonel and his ladies come."

But the sergeant was too late, for the colonel and his visitors at that moment entered the room, and the sergeant called out "Tention."

"That's capital," said one of the ladies, going straight to the fireplace to get a close view of the sketch. "Now that's what I've always been advocating—making the barrack-rooms as bright and cheerful as possible." All the visitors admired the picture, and the colonel's wife thought the ornamental dado a decided improvement.

The colonel said he supposed that it was Dapper's doing, but who gave permission to do it? Dick came forward rather sheepishly, and said he thought it would do for the Christmas decorations. "Long time to Christmas," said the colonel, "but let it stay till then. You must not do things—even good things—in the army without permission."

Dick touched up and improved his picture from time to time, and every visitor

to the barracks was taken to see it. The frilled dado, however, did not go down with the authorities, and Dick and I had to paint it out and make it match the other rooms.

Sunday was always a delightful day, for after church parade we were comparatively free.

It struck me that some better plan might be adopted for soldiers seeing friends who call at the barracks. Instead of getting leave to go out, and then adjourning with their friends to the nearest publichouse, there should be a spacious waiting-room near the entrance gates.

There was great excitement when it became known that the Royal Wessex Regiment was ordered off for service abroad at very short notice, and word was passed round that every man should make his will and declare his proper name before leaving England.

Dick and I were in great demand as will-makers, but most of the men copied out one of the simple forms set out in the little pocket-book which is given to every recruit, and sent it off to some relative with a good-bye letter.

The news that our regiment was going abroad woke up the friends of some of the men, who were bought off at, I think, £18 each, but Dick and I go with the regiment.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

ADVENTURE III.—A CASE OF IDENTITY.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

MY dear fellow," said Sherlock Holmes, as we sat on either side of the fire in his lodgings at Baker-street, "life is infinitely stranger than anything which the mind of man could invent. We would not dare to conceive the things which are really mere commonplaces of existence. If we could fly out of that window hand in hand, hover over this great city, gently remove the roofs, and peep in at the queer things which are going on, the strange coincidences, the plannings, the cross-purposes, the wonderful chains of events, working through generations, and leading to the most *outré* results, it would make all fiction with its conventionalities and foreseen conclusions most stale and unprofitable."

"And yet I am not convinced of it," I answered. "The cases which come to light in the papers are, as a rule, bald enough, and vulgar enough. We have in our police reports realism pushed to its extreme limits, and yet the result is, it must be confessed, neither fascinating nor artistic."

"A certain selection and discretion must be used in producing a realistic effect," remarked Holmes. "This is wanting in the police report, where more stress is laid perhaps upon the platitudes of the magistrate than upon the details, which to an observer contain the vital essence of the whole matter. Depend upon it there is nothing so unnatural as the commonplace."

I smiled and shook my head. "I can quite understand you thinking so," I said. "Of course, in your position of unofficial adviser and helper to everybody who is absolutely puzzled, throughout three continents, you are brought in contact with all that is strange and bizarre. But here"—I picked up the morning paper from the ground—"let us put it to a practical test. Here is the first heading upon which I come. 'A husband's cruelty to his wife.' There is half a column of print, but I know without reading it that it is all perfectly familiar to me. There is, of course, the other woman, the drink, the push, the blow, the bruise, the sympathetic sister or

landlady. The crudest of writers could invent nothing more crude."

"Indeed, your example is an unfortunate one for your argument," said Holmes, taking the paper, and glancing his eye down it. "This is the Dundas separation case, and, as it happens, I was engaged in clearing up some small points in connection with it. The husband was a teetotaler, there was no other woman, and the conduct complained of was that he had drifted into the habit of winding up every meal by taking out his false teeth and hurling them at his wife, which you will allow is not an action likely to occur to the imagination of the average story-teller. Take a pinch of snuff, doctor, and acknowledge that I have scored over you in your example."

He held out his snuffbox of old gold, with a great amethyst in the centre of the lid. Its splendour was in such contrast to his homely ways and simple life that I could not help commenting upon it.

"Ah," said he, "I forgot that I had not seen you for some weeks. It is a little souvenir from the King of Bohemia in return for my assistance in the case of the Irene Adler papers."

"And the ring?" I asked, glancing at a remarkable brilliant which sparkled upon his finger.

"It was from the reigning family of Holland, though the matter in which I served them was of such delicacy that I cannot confide it even to you, who have been good enough to chronicle one or two of my little problems."

"And have you any on hand just now?" I asked with interest.

"Some ten or twelve, but none which present any feature of interest. They are important, you understand, without being interesting. Indeed, I have found that it is usually in unimportant matters that there is a field for the observation, and for the quick analysis of cause and effect which gives the charm to an investigation. The larger crimes are apt to be the simpler, for the bigger the crime, the more obvious, as a rule, is the motive. In these cases, save for one rather intricate matter which has been referred to me from Marseilles, there

is nothing which presents any features of interest. It is possible, however, that I may have something better before very many minutes are over, for this is one of my clients, or I am much mistaken."

He had risen from his chair, and was standing between the parted blinds, gazing down into the dull, neutral-tinted London street. Looking over his shoulder I saw that on the pavement opposite there stood a large woman with a heavy fur boa round her neck, and a large curling red feather in a broad-brimmed hat which was tilted in a coquettish Duchess-of-Devonshire fashion over her ear. From under this great panoply she peeped up in a nervous, hesitating fashion at our windows, while her body oscillated backwards and forwards, and her fingers fidgeted with her glove buttons. Suddenly, with a plunge, as of the swimmer who leaves the bank, she hurried across the road, and we heard the sharp clang of the bell.

"I have seen those symptoms before," said Holmes, throwing his cigarette into the fire. "Oscillation upon the pavement always means an *affaire de cœur*. She would like advice, but is not sure that the matter is not too delicate for communication. And yet even here we may discriminate. When a woman has been seriously wronged by a man she no longer oscillates, and the usual symptom is a broken bell wire. Here we may take it that there is a love matter, but that the maiden is not so much angry as perplexed, or grieved. But here she comes in person to resolve our doubts."

As he spoke there was a tap at the door, and the boy in buttons entered to announce Miss Mary Sutherland, while the lady herself loomed behind his small black figure like a full-sailed merchant-

man behind a tiny pilot boat. Sherlock Holmes welcomed her with the easy courtesy for which he was remarkable, and having closed the door, and bowed her into an armchair, he looked her over in the minute, and yet abstracted fashion which was peculiar to him.

"Do you not find," he said, "that with your short sight it is a little trying to do so much typewriting?"

"I did at first," she answered, "but now I know where the letters are without looking." Then, suddenly realising the full purport of his words, she gave a violent start, and looked up with fear and astonishment upon her broad, good-humoured face. "You've heard about me, Mr. Holmes," she cried, "else how could you know all that?"

"Never mind," said Holmes, laughing, "It is my business to know things. Perhaps I have trained myself to see what others overlook. If not, why should you come to consult me?"



"SHERLOCK HOLMES WELCOMED HER."

"I came to you, sir, because I heard of you from Mrs. Etherage, whose husband you found so easy when the police and everyone had given him up for dead. Oh, Mr. Holmes, I wish you would do as much for me. I'm not rich, but still I have a hundred a year in my own right, besides the little that I make by the machine, and I would give it all to know what has become of Mr. Hosmer Angel."

"Why did you come away to consult me in such a hurry?" asked Sherlock Holmes, with his finger-tips together, and his eyes to the ceiling.

Again a startled look came over the somewhat vacuous face of Miss Mary Sutherland. "Yes, I did bang out of the house," she said, "for it made me angry to see the easy way in which Mr. Windibank—that is, my father—took it all. I would not go to the police, and he would not go to you, and so at last, as he would do nothing, and kept on saying that there was no harm done, it made me mad, and I just on with my things and came right away to you."

"Your father," said Holmes, "your stepfather, surely, since the name is different."

"Yes, my stepfather. I call him father, though it sounds funny, too, for he is only five years and two months older than myself."

"And your mother is alive?"

"Oh yes, mother is alive and well. I wasn't best pleased, Mr. Holmes, when she married again so soon after father's death, and a man who was nearly fifteen years younger than herself. Father was a plumber in the Tottenham Court-road, and he left a tidy business behind him, which mother carried on with Mr. Hardy, the foreman, but when Mr. Windibank came he made her sell the business, for he was very superior, being a traveller in wines. They got four thousand seven hundred for the goodwill and interest, which wasn't near as much as father could have got if he had been alive."

I had expected to see Sherlock Holmes impatient under this rambling and inconsequential narrative, but, on the contrary, he had listened with the greatest concentration of attention.

"Your own little income," he asked, "does it come out of the business?"

"Oh no, sir. It is quite separate, and was left me by my Uncle Ned in Auckland. It is in New Zealand Stock, paying 4½ per cent. Two thousand five hundred pounds

was the amount, but I can only touch the interest."

"You interest me extremely," said Holmes. "And since you draw so large a sum as a hundred a year, with what you earn into the bargain, you no doubt travel a little, and indulge yourself in every way. I believe that a single lady can get on very nicely upon an income of about sixty pounds."

"I could do with much less than that, Mr. Holmes, but you understand that as long as I live at home I don't wish to be a burden to them, and so they have the use of the money just while I am staying with them. Of course that is only just for the time. Mr. Windibank draws my interest every quarter, and pays it over to mother, and I find that I can do pretty well with what I earn at typewriting. It brings me twopence a sheet, and I can often do from fifteen to twenty sheets in a day."

"You have made your position very clear to me," said Holmes. "This is my friend, Dr. Watson, before whom you can speak as freely as before myself. Kindly tell us now all about your connection with Mr. Hosmer Angel."

A flush stole over Miss Sutherland's face, and she picked nervously at the fringe of her jacket. "I met him first at the gas-fitters' ball," she said. "They used to send father tickets when he was alive, and then afterwards they remembered us, and sent them to mother. Mr. Windibank did not wish us to go. He never did wish us to go anywhere. He would get quite mad if I wanted so much as to join a Sunday-school treat. But this time I was set on going, and I would go, for what right had he to prevent? He said the folk were not fit for us to know, when all father's friends were to be there. And he said that I had nothing fit to wear, when I had my purple plush that I had never so much as taken out of the drawer. At last when nothing else would do he went off to France upon the business of the firm, but we went, mother and I, with Mr. Hardy, who used to be our foreman, and it was there I met Mr. Hosmer Angel."

"I suppose," said Holmes, "that when Mr. Windibank came back from France, he was very annoyed at your having gone to the ball."

"Oh, well, he was very good about it. He laughed, I remember, and shrugged his shoulders, and said there was no use deny-

ing anything to a woman, for she would have her way."

"I see. Then at the gasfitters' ball you met, as I understand, a gentleman called Mr. Hosmer Angel."

"Yes, sir. I met him that night, and he



"AT THE GASFITTERS' BALL."

called next day to ask if we had got home all safe, and after that we met him—that is to say, Mr. Holmes, I met him twice for walks, but after that father came back again, and Mr. Hosmer Angel could not come to the house any more."

"No?"

"Well, you know, father didn't like anything of the sort. He wouldn't have any visitors if he could help it, and he used to say that a woman should be happy in her own family circle. But then, as I used to say to mother, a woman wants her own circle to begin with, and I had not got mine yet."

"But how about Mr. Hosmer Angel? Did he make no attempt to see you?"

"Well, father was going off to France again in a week, and Hosmer wrote and

said that it would be safer and better not to see each other until he had gone. We could write in the meantime, and he used to write every day. I took the letters in in the morning, so there was no need for father to know."

"Were you engaged to the gentleman at this time?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Holmes. We were engaged after the first walk that we took. Hosmer—Mr. Angel—was a cashier in an office in Leadenhall-street—and—"

"What office?"

"That's the worst of it, Mr. Holmes, I don't know."

"Where did he live, then?"

"He slept on the premises."

"And you don't know his address?"

"No—except that it was Leadenhall-street."

"Where did you address your letters, then?"

"To the Leadenhall-street Post Office, to be left till called for. He said that if they were sent to the office he would be chaffed by all the other clerks about having letters from a lady, so I offered to typewrite them, like he did his, but he wouldn't have that, for he said that when I wrote them they seemed to come from me, but when they were typewritten he always felt that the machine had come between us. That will just show you how fond he was of me, Mr. Holmes, and the little things that he would think of."

"It was most suggestive," said Holmes, "It has long been an axiom of mine that the little things are infinitely the most important. Can you remember any other little things about Mr. Hosmer Angel?"

"He was a very shy man, Mr. Holmes. He would rather walk with me in the evening than in the daylight, for he said that he hated to be conspicuous. Very retiring and gentlemanly he was. Even his voice was gentle. He'd had the quinsy and swollen glands when he was young, he told me, and it had left him with a weak throat, and a hesitating, whispering fashion or speech. He was always well-dressed, very neat and plain, but his eyes were weak, just as mine are, and he wore tinted glasses against the glare."

"Well, and what happened when Mr. Windibank, your stepfather, returned to France?"

"Mr. Hosmer Angel came to the house again, and proposed that we should marry before father came back. He was in dread-

ful earnest, and made me swear, with my hands on the Testament, that whatever happened I would always be true to him. Mother said he was quite right to make me swear, and that it was a sign of his passion. Mother was all in his favour from the first, and was even fonder of him than I was. Then, when they talked of marrying within the week, I began to ask about father; but they both said never to mind about father, but just to tell him afterwards, and mother said she would make it all right with him. I didn't quite like that, Mr. Holmes. It seemed funny that I should ask his leave, as he was only a few years older than me; but I didn't want to do anything on the sly, so I wrote to father at Bordeaux, where the Company has its French offices, but the letter came back to me on the very morning of the wedding."

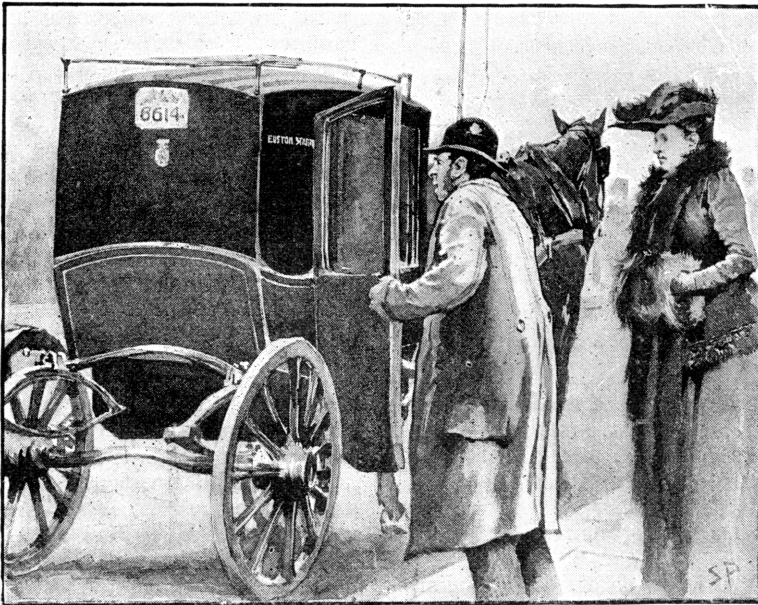
"It missed him, then?"

"Yes, sir, for he had started to England just before it arrived."

put us both into it, and stepped himself into a four-wheeler, which happened to be the only other cab in the street. We got to the church first, and when the four-wheeler drove up we waited for him to step out, but he never did, and when the cabman got down from the box and looked, there was no one there! The cabman said that he could not imagine what had become of him, for he had seen him get in with his own eyes. That was last Friday, Mr. Holmes, and I have never seen or heard anything since then to throw any light upon what became of him."

"It seems to me that you have been very shamefully treated," said Holmes.

"Oh no, sir! He was too good and kind to leave me so. Why, all the morning he was saying to me that, whatever happened, I was to be true; and that even if something quite unforeseen occurred to separate us, I was always to remember that I was pledged to him, and that he would claim his pledge



"THERE WAS NO ONE THERE."

"Ha! that was unfortunate. Your wedding was arranged, then, for the Friday. Was it to be in church?"

"Yes, sir, but very quietly. It was to be at St. Saviour's, near King's-cross, and we were to have breakfast afterwards at the St. Pancras Hotel. Hosmer came for us in a hansom, but as there were two of us, he

sooner or later. It seemed strange talk for a wedding morning, but what has happened since gives a meaning to it."

"Most certainly it does. Your own opinion is, then, that some unforeseen catastrophe has occurred to him?"

"Yes, sir. I believe that he foresaw some danger, or else he would not have

talked so. And then I think that what he foresaw happened."

"But you have no notion as to what it could have been?"

"None."

"One more question. How did your mother take the matter?"

"She was angry, and said that I was never to speak of the matter again."

"And your father? Did you tell him?"

"Yes, and he seemed to think, with me, that something had happened, and that I should hear of Hosmer again. As he said, what interest could anyone have in bringing me to the doors of the church, and then leaving me? Now, if he had borrowed my money, or if he had married me and got my money settled on him, there might be some reason; but Hosmer was very independent about money, and never would look at a shilling of mine. And yet what could have happened? And why could he not write? Oh, it drives me half mad to think of! and I can't sleep a wink at night." She pulled a little handkerchief out of her muff, and began to sob heavily into it.

"I shall glance into the case for you," said Holmes, rising, "and I have no doubt that we shall reach some definite result. Let the weight of the matter rest upon me now, and do not let your mind dwell upon it further. Above all, try to let Mr. Hosmer Angel vanish from your memory, as he has done from your life."

"Then you don't think I'll see him again?"

"I fear not."

"Then what has happened to him?"

"You will leave that question in my

hands. I should like an accurate description of him, and any letters of his which you can spare."

"I advertised for him in last Saturday's *Chronicle*," said she. "Here is the slip, and here are four letters from him."

"Thank you. And your address?"

"31, Lyon-place, Camberwell."

"Mr. Angel's address you never had, I understand. Where is your father's place of business?"

"He travels for Westhouse & Marbank, the great claret importers of Fenchurch-street."

"Thank you. You have made your statement very clearly. You will leave the papers here, and remember the advice which I have given you. Let the whole incident be a sealed book, and do not allow it to affect your life."

"You are very kind, Mr. Holmes, but I cannot do that. I shall be true to Hosmer. He shall find me ready when he comes back."

For all the preposterous hat and the vacuous face, there was something noble in the simple faith of our visitor which compelled our respect. She laid her little bundle of papers upon the



"SHE LAID A LITTLE BUNDLE UPON THE TABLE."

table, and went her way, with a promise to come again whenever she might be summoned.

Sherlock Holmes sat silent for a few minutes with his finger tips still pressed together, his legs stretched out in front of him, and his gaze directed upwards to the ceiling. Then he took down from the rack the old and oily clay pipe, which was to him as a counsellor, and, having lit it, he leaned back in his chair, with the thick blue cloud-wreaths spinning up from him, and a look of infinite languor in his face.

"Quite an interesting study, that maiden,"

he observed. "I found her more interesting than her little problem, which, by the way, is rather a trite one. You will find parallel cases, if you consult my index, in Andover in '77, and there was something of the sort at the Hague last year. Old as is the idea, however, there were one or two details which were new to me. But the maiden herself was most instructive."

"You appeared to read a good deal upon her which was quite invisible to me," I remarked.

"Not invisible, but unnoticed, Watson. You did not know where to look, and so you missed all that was important. I can never bring you to realise the importance of sleeves, the suggestiveness of thumb-nails, or the great issues that may hang from a bootlace. Now what did you gather from that woman's appearance? Describe it."

"Well, she had a slate-coloured, broad-brimmed straw hat, with a feather of a brickish red. Her jacket was black, with black beads sewn upon it, and a fringe of little black jet ornaments. Her dress was brown, rather darker than coffee colour, with a little purple plush at the neck and sleeves. Her gloves were greyish, and were worn through at the right forefinger. Her boots I didn't observe. She had small round, hanging gold earrings, and a general air of being fairly well to do, in a vulgar, comfortable, easy-going way."

Sherlock Holmes clapped his hands softly together and chuckled.

"Pon my word, Watson, you are coming along wonderfully. You have really done very well indeed. It is true that you have missed everything of importance, but you have hit upon the method, and you have a quick eye for colour. Never trust to general impressions, my boy, but concentrate yourself upon details. My first glance is always at a woman's sleeve. In a man it is perhaps better first to take the knee of the trouser. As you observe, this woman had plush upon her sleeves, which is a most useful material for showing traces. The double line a little above the wrist, where the typewritist presses against the table, was beautifully defined. The sewing-machine, of the hand type, leaves a similar mark, but only on the left arm, and on the side of it farthest from the thumb, instead of being right across the broadest part, as this was. I then glanced at her face, and observing the dint of a pince-nez at either side of her nose, I ventured a remark upon

short sight and typewriting, which seemed to surprise her.

"It surprised me."

"But, surely, it was very obvious. I was then much surprised and interested on glancing down to observe that, though the boots which she was wearing were not unlike each other, they were really odd ones, the one having a slightly decorated toe-cap, and the other a plain one. One was buttoned only in the two lower buttons out of five, and the other at the first, third, and fifth. Now, when you see that a young lady, otherwise neatly dressed, has come away from home with odd boots, half-buttoned, it is no great deduction to say that she came away in a hurry."

"And what else?" I asked, keenly interested, as I always was, by my friend's incisive reasoning.

"I noted, in passing, that she had written a note before leaving home, but after being fully dressed. You observed that her right glove was torn at the forefinger, but you did not apparently see that both glove and finger were stained with violet ink. She had written in a hurry, and dipped her pen too deep. It must have been this morning, or the mark would not remain clear upon the finger. All this is amusing, though rather elementary, but I must go back to business, Watson. Would you mind reading me the advertised description of Mr. Hosmer Angel?"

I held the little printed slip to the light. "Missing," it said, "on the morning of the 14th, a gentleman named Hosmer Angel. About 5 ft. 7 in. in height; strongly built, sallow complexion, black hair, a little bald in the centre, bushy, black side whiskers and moustache; tinted glasses, slight infirmity of speech. Was dressed, when last seen, in black frock coat faced with silk, black waistcoat, gold Albert chain, and grey Harris tweed trousers, with brown gaiters over elastic-sided boots. Known to have been employed in an office in Leadenhall-street. Anybody bringing," &c., &c.

"That will do," said Holmes. "As to the letters," he continued, glancing over them, "they are very commonplace. Absolutely no clue in them to Mr. Angel, save that he quotes Balzac once. There is one remarkable point, however, which will no doubt strike you."

"They are typewritten," I remarked.

"Not only that, but the signature is typewritten. Look at the neat little 'Hosmer Angel' at the bottom. There is a date, you

see, but no superscription except Leaden-hall-street, which is rather vague. The point about the signature is very suggestive—in fact, we may call it conclusive.”

“Of what?”

“My dear fellow, is it possible you do not see how strongly it bears upon the case.”

“I cannot say that I do, unless it were that he wished to be able to deny his signature if an action for breach of promise were instituted.”

“No, that was not the point. However, I shall write two letters which should settle the matter. One is to a firm in the City, the other is to the young lady’s stepfather, Mr. Windibank, asking him whether he could meet us here at six o’clock to-morrow evening. It is just as well that we should do business with the male relatives. And now, doctor, we can do nothing until the answers to those letters come, so we may put our little problem upon the shelf for the interim.”

I had had so many reasons to believe in my friend’s subtle powers of reasoning, and extraordinary energy in action, that I felt that he must have some solid grounds for the assured and easy demeanour with which he treated the singular mystery which he had been called upon to fathom. Once only had I known him to fail, in the case of the King of Bohemia and of the Irene Adler photograph, but when I looked back to the weird business of the Sign of Four, and the extraordinary circumstances connected with the Study in Scarlet, I felt that it would be a strange tangle indeed which he could not unravel.

I left him then, still puffing at his black clay pipe, with the conviction that when I came again on the next evening I would find that he held in his hands all the clues which would lead up to the identity of

the disappearing bridegroom of Miss Mary Sutherland.

A professional case of great gravity was engaging my own attention at the time, and the whole of next day I was busy at the bedside of the sufferer. It was not until close upon six o’clock that I found myself free, and was able to spring into a hansom



“I FOUND SHERLOCK HOLMES HALF ASLEEP.”

and drive to Baker-street, half afraid that I might be too late to assist at the *dénouement* of the little mystery. I found Sherlock Holmes alone, however, half asleep, with his long, thin form curled up in the recesses of his armchair. A formidable array of bottles and test-tubes, with the pungent cleanly smell of hydrochloric acid, told me that he had spent his day in the chemical work which was so dear to him.

“Well, have you solved it?” I asked as I entered.

“Yes. It was the bisulphate of baryta.”

“No, no, the mystery!” I cried.

“Oh, that! I thought of the salt that I have been working upon. There was never any mystery in the matter, though, as I said yesterday, some of the details are of interest. The only drawback is that there

is no law, I fear, that can touch the scoundrel."

"Who was he, then, and what was his object in deserting Miss Sutherland?"

The question was hardly out of my mouth, and Holmes had not yet opened his lips to reply, when we heard a heavy footfall in the passage, and a tap at the door.

"This is the girl's stepfather, Mr. James Windibank," said Holmes. "He has written to me to say that he would be here at six. Come in!"

The man who entered was a sturdy middle-sized fellow, some thirty years of age, clean shaven, and sallow skinned, with a bland, insinuating manner, and a pair of wonderfully sharp and penetrating grey eyes. He shot a questioning glance at each of us, placed his shiny top hat upon the sideboard, and, with a slight bow, sidled down into the nearest chair.

"Good evening, Mr. James Windibank," said Holmes. "I think that this type-written letter is from you, in which you made an appointment with me for six o'clock?"

"Yes, sir. I am afraid that I am a little late, but I am not quite my own master, you know. I am sorry that Miss Sutherland has troubled you about this little matter, for I think it is far better not to wash linen of the sort in public. It was quite against my wishes that she came, but she is a very excitable, impulsive girl, as you may have noticed, and she is not easily controlled when she has made up her mind on a point. Of course, I did not mind you so much, as you are not connected with the official police, but it is not pleasant to have a family misfortune like this noised abroad. Besides it is a useless expense, for how could you possibly find this Hosmer Angel?"

"On the contrary," said Holmes, quietly; "I have every reason to believe that I will succeed in discovering Mr. Hosmer Angel."

Mr. Windibank gave a violent start, and dropped his gloves. "I am delighted to hear it," he said.

"It is a curious thing," remarked Holmes, "that a typewriter has really quite as much individuality as a man's handwriting. Unless they are quite new, no two of them write exactly alike. Some letters get more worn than others, and some wear only on one side. Now, you remark in this note of yours, Mr. Windibank, that in every case there is some little

slurring over of the 'e,' and a slight defect in the tail of the 'r.' There are fourteen other characteristics, but those are the more obvious."

"We do all our correspondence with this machine at the office, and no doubt it is a little worn," our visitor answered, glancing keenly at Holmes with his bright little eyes.

"And now I will show you what is really a very interesting study, Mr. Windibank," Holmes continued. "I think of writing another little monograph some of these days on the typewriter and its relation to crime. It is a subject to which I have devoted some little attention. I have here four letters which purport to come from the missing man. They are all type-written. In each case, not only are the 'e's' slurred and the 'r's' tailless, but you will observe, if you care to use my magnifying lens, that the fourteen other characteristics to which I have alluded are there as well."

Mr. Windibank sprang out of his chair, and picked up his hat. "I cannot waste time over this sort of fantastic talk, Mr. Holmes," he said. "If you can catch the man, catch him, and let me know when you have done it."

"Certainly," said Holmes, stepping over and turning the key in the door. "I let you know, then, that I have caught him!"

"What! where?" shouted Mr. Windibank, turning white to his lips, and glancing about him like a rat in a trap.

"Oh, it won't do—really it won't," said Holmes, suavely. "There is no possible getting out of it, Mr. Windibank. It is quite too transparent, and it was a very bad compliment when you said that it was impossible for me to solve so simple a question. That's right! Sit down, and let us talk it over."

Our visitor collapsed into a chair, with a ghastly face, and a glitter of moisture on his brow. "It—it's not actionable," he stammered.

"I am very much afraid that it is not. But between ourselves, Windibank, it was as cruel, and selfish, and heartless a trick in a petty way as ever came before me. Now, let me just run over the course of events, and you will contradict me, if I go wrong."

The man sat huddled up in his chair, with his head sunk upon his breast, like one who is utterly crushed. Holmes stuck his feet up on the corner of the mantel-piece, and, leaning back with his hands in



"GLANCING ABOUT HIM LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP."

his pockets, began talking, rather to himself, as it seemed, than to us.

"The man married a woman very much older than himself for her money," said he, "and he enjoyed the use of the money of the daughter as long as she lived with them. It was a considerable sum, for people in their position, and the loss of it would have made a serious difference. It was worth an effort to preserve it. The daughter was of a good, amiable disposition, but affectionate and warm-hearted in her ways, so that it was evident that with her fair personal advantages, and her little income, she would not be allowed to remain single long. Now her marriage would mean, of course, the loss of a hundred a year, so what does her stepfather do to prevent it? He takes the obvious course of keeping her at home, and forbidding her to seek the company of people of her own age. But soon he found that that would not answer for ever. She became restive, insisted upon her rights, and finally announced her positive intention of going to a certain ball. What does her

clever stepfather do then? He conceives an idea more creditable to his head than to his heart. With the connivance and assistance of his wife he disguised himself, covered those keen eyes with tinted glasses, masked the face with a moustache and a pair of bushy whiskers, sunk that clear voice into an insinuating whisper, and, doubly secure on account of the girl's short sight, he appears as Mr. Hosmer Angel, and keeps off other lovers by making love himself."

"It was only a joke at first," groaned our visitor. "We never thought that she would have been so carried away."

"Very likely not. However that may be, the young lady was very decidedly carried away, and having quite made up her mind that her stepfather was in France, the suspicion of treachery never for an instant entered her mind. She was flattered by the gentleman's attentions, and the effect was increased by the loudly expressed admiration of her mother. Then Mr. Angel began to call, for it was obvious that the matter

should be pushed as far as it would go, if a real effect were to be produced. There were meetings, and an engagement, which would finally secure the girl's affections from turning towards anyone else. But the deception could not be kept up for ever. These pretended journeys to France were rather cumbrous. The thing to do was clearly to bring the business to an end in such a dramatic manner that it would leave a permanent impression upon the young lady's mind, and prevent her from looking upon any other suitor for some time to come. Hence those vows of fidelity exacted upon a Testament, and hence also the allusions to a possibility of something happening on the very morning of the wedding. James Windibank wished Miss Sutherland to be so bound to Hosmer Angel, and so uncertain as to his fate, that for ten years to come, at any rate, she would not listen to another man. As far as the church door he brought her, and then, as he could go no further, he conveniently vanished away by the old trick of stepping in at one door of a four-wheeler, and out at the other. I think that that was the chain of events, Mr. Windibank!"

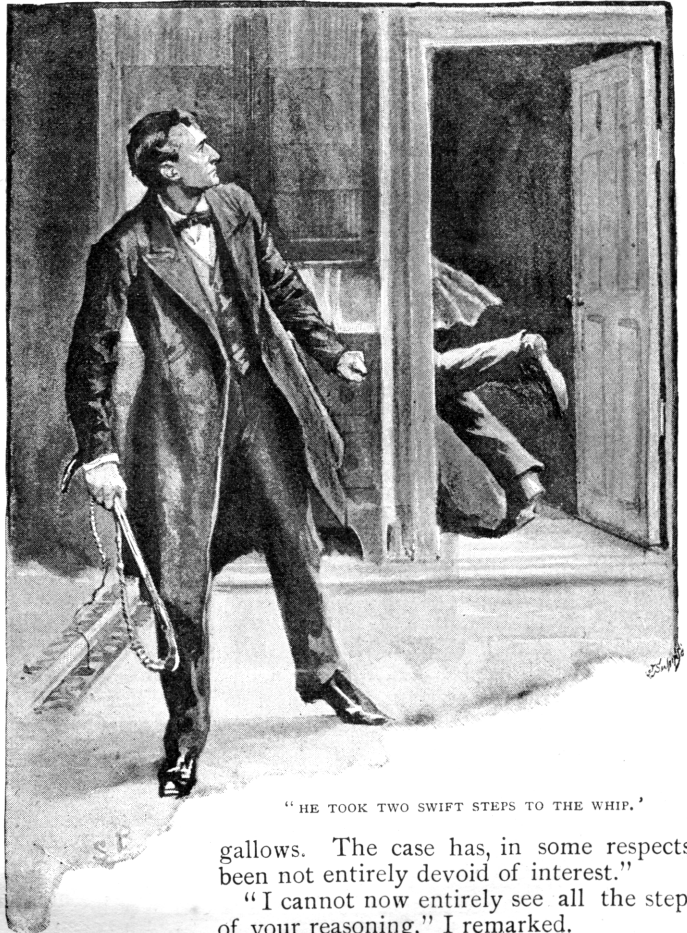
Our visitor had recovered something of his assurance while Holmes had been talking, and he rose from his chair now with a cold sneer upon his pale face.

"It may be so, or it may not, Mr. Holmes," said he, "but if you are so very sharp you ought to be sharp enough to know that it is you who are breaking the law now, and not me. I have done nothing actionable from the first, but as long as you keep that door locked you lay yourself open to an action for assault and illegal constraint."

"The law cannot, as you say, touch you," said Holmes, unlocking

and throwing open the door, "yet there never was a man who deserved punishment more. If the young lady has a brother or a friend, he ought to lay a whip across your shoulders. By Jove!" he continued, flushing up at the sight of the bitter sneer upon the man's face, "it is not part of my duties to my client, but here's a hunting crop handy, and I think I shall just treat myself to——" He took two swift steps to the whip, but before he could grasp it there was a wild clatter of steps upon the stairs, the heavy hall door banged, and from the window we could see Mr. James Windibank running at the top of his speed down the road.

"There's a cold-blooded scoundrel!" said Holmes, laughing, as he threw himself down into his chair once more. "That fellow will rise from crime to crime until he does something very bad, and ends on a



"HE TOOK TWO SWIFT STEPS TO THE WHIP."

gallows. The case has, in some respects, been not entirely devoid of interest."

"I cannot now entirely see all the steps of your reasoning," I remarked.

"Well, of course it was obvious from the first that this Mr. Hosmer Angel must have some strong object for his curious conduct, and it was equally clear that the only man who really profited by the incident, as far as we could see, was the stepfather. Then the fact that the two men were never together, but that the one always appeared when the other was away, was suggestive. So were the tinted spectacles and the curious voice, which both hinted at a disguise, as did the bushy whiskers. My suspicions were all confirmed by his peculiar action in typewriting his signature, which of course inferred that his handwriting was so familiar to her that she would recognise even the smallest sample of it. You see all these isolated facts, together with many minor ones, all pointed in the same direction."

"And how did you verify them?"

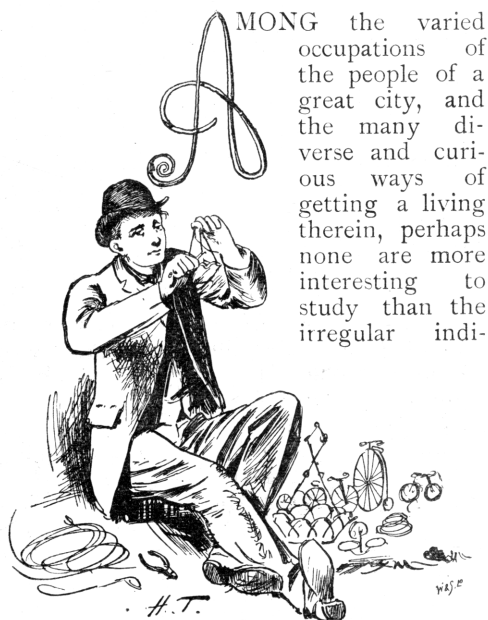
"Having once spotted my man, it was easy to get corroboration. I knew the firm for which this man worked. Having taken the printed description, I eliminated every-

thing from it which could be the result of a disguise—the whiskers, the glasses, the voice, and I sent it to the firm, with a request that they would inform me whether it answered to the description of any of their travellers. I had already noticed the peculiarities of the typewriter, and I wrote to the man himself at his business address, asking him if he would come here. As I expected, his reply was typewritten, and revealed the same trivial but characteristic defects. The same post brought me a letter from Westhouse & Marbank, of Fenchurch-street, to say that the description tallied in every respect with that of their employé, James Windibank. *Voilà tout!*"

"And Miss Sutherland?"

"If I tell her she will not believe me. You may remember the old Persian saying, 'There is danger for him who taketh the tiger cub, and danger also for whoso snatches a delusion from a woman.' There is as much sense in Hafiz as in Horace, and as much knowledge of the world."

Street-Corner Men.



AMONG the varied occupations of the people of a great city, and the many diverse and curious ways of getting a living therein, perhaps none are more interesting to study than the irregular indi-

magazines and periodicals, the umbrella seller, the conjuror, the open-air reciter; these and many others, with every kind of dodge and manoeuvre to extract pence from the pockets of the people, are the street-corner men of this great metropolis.

A curious fact about these itinerants is observable; the majority are selling medicines or compounds to cure the ills of the flesh, presumably the needs and necessities of the people in the direction of cheap medicines receiving more attention, and the trade being more lucrative, than the retailing of articles of a domestic character. Their methods of attracting attention are various. One well-known character about the London streets regularly prefaces the sale of his patent digestive cure-all, kill-pain, stomach-regulating tonic with a rather elaborate experiment with two wine-glasses, apparently clean and empty, somewhat on the lines of the conjuror's manipulation of a variety of drinks.

A little cold water poured into one makes no change, but with the other a muddy, dirty-red coloured liquid is the result, typical of a disordered state of health.

viduals who may be seen at various street corners, and almost on any night of the week, in the various High streets and main thoroughfares of the suburbs, cajoling, lecturing, flattering, preaching, and dogmatically and assertively declaring, by all and every kind of method, the advantages to the public of an investment in their particular kind of goods or a subscription towards the open-air entertainment they provide. The copper wire-worker, who with aid of pliers rapidly evolves models of bicycles, ordinaries and safeties, flower-stands, vases, card-baskets, &c.; the glass collar-stud and inexhaustible glass fountain-pen seller; the little old man who, with candle and old kettle, constantly pierces holes in the latter to mend with his patent solder, "Two sticks a penny, any child can do it"; the public benefactor and proprietor of a patent corn solvent; the conjuring-cards seller, "any one, man, woman, or child, can perform these ere tricks the same has wot hi do"; the boot-blackening stall-keeper; the silverer of old brass articles; the herb-vendor of penny packets to mix with tobacco to destroy the ill effects of nicotine, with printed placard of illustrious personages' opinions of smoking; the purveyor of old monthly parts of various illustrated



"TWO STICKS A PENNY."



"Now," triumphantly declares the street quack, "you will see the magical effect of my patent curative, blood purifying, health-restoring, digestive tonic." Two drops of this into the muddy, dirty-red liquid chemically restores the water to its former apparent purity, and the effect upon the health of the purchaser is analogously equally efficacious. Strong lungs, a tremendous voice, and emphatic declarations help to sell a great number of bottles.

Another regenerator of his race begins from the platform of a smart pony and * * *, by an amusing account of having landed from New York with the traditional half-crown in his pocket, and, wandering down the White-chapel-road, was attracted by a quack medicine-vendor.

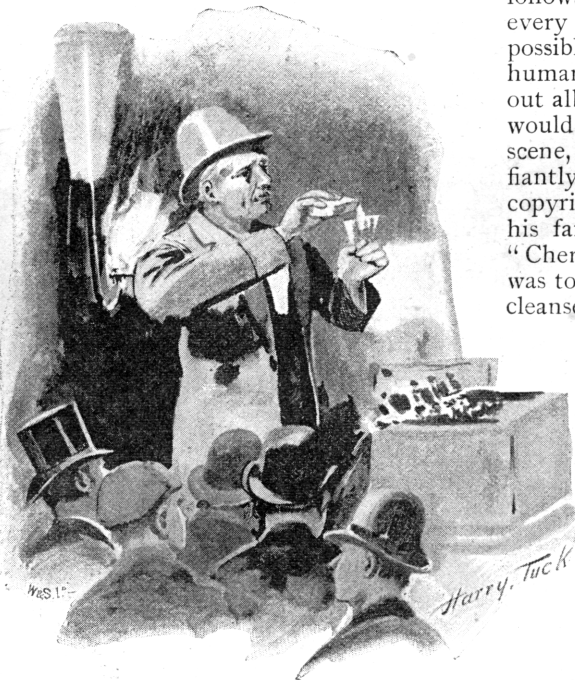


"OLD MONTHLY PARTS."

2s. 7½d. a bottle, but take my patent hop-bitters, one penny a packet, and you will never again be troubled—," and here

follows a splendid list of every ailment that could possibly afflict suffering humanity. Having sold out all his hop-bitters, he would then bring on the scene, utterly and defiantly regardless of any copyright of the title, his famous tooth-powder "Cherry Blossom," which was to "purify the breath, cleanse the teeth, harden

the gums, renovate the teeth, stop decay, beautify the complexion," &c., and in general make life a paradise, all for the small sum of one penny a box. Occasionally a boy is had up from the crowd, and his teeth



"EXPERIMENT WITH TWO WINE-GLASSES."



"THE GREATEST DOCTOR OF THE LONDON STREETS."

cleaned for him with a small piece of wadding, though generally a fairly good specimen dentally is selected.

The writer once stopped to listen to another type of quack, more modestly served with the usual naphtha lamp and small box on stand. He was a man with a fierce eye and very sallow complexion, who rejoiced to find one of his audience at the time afflicted with face-ache or neuralgia. He had an instantaneous cure by inhalation, and, indeed, if unable to discover a face bound up with a handkerchief or some other apparent evidence of neuralgic pains, would boldly and thunderingly accuse any particular one of the listeners of sciatica, neuralgia, tic-doloureux, or some other complaint, to the blushing confusion and ineffable distress of the victim of his declaration.

Another gentleman, with every assurance, declared solemnly that he was not there for himself, he was working on behalf of a very dear friend laid on a bed of sickness. He (the quack) had made enough and plenty of money to last him all his lifetime, and, apparently forgetting what he had said before, was selling his herbal compound purely, solely, and simply for the benefit of the people.

If he hadn't enough to last him a lifetime, he was apparently pretty well off, as his well-appointed pony and trap sufficiently testified.

But the open-air entertainments are, of course, if not more amusing, certainly more attractive to the crowd.

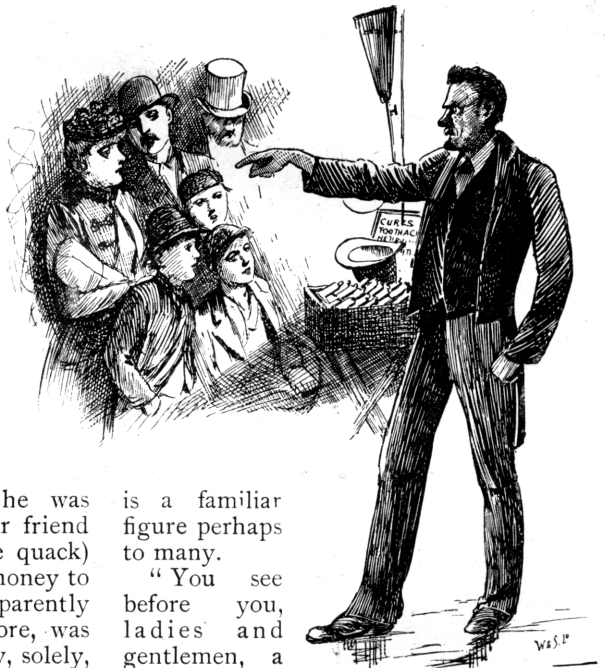
We have seen more than one very excellent conjuror at a street corner, and as it is necessarily more difficult to perform in the

open with little or no apparatus, and the audience completely surrounding one, perhaps they may be entitled to some credit.

Guinea-pigs discovered under an old hat, which had the moment before been lifted to show its emptiness by a small wand held at tucked-up-sleeved

arms' length, rapid manipulation with cups and marbles, card tricks neatly shown, and other feats of legerdemain are comprised in the street conjuror's programme.

Open-air recitations have become very prevalent of late years. Here is one who



"AN INSTANTANEOUS CURE."



"A CONJUROR."

and accomplished elocutionist, one who has travelled throughout the whole of the countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America." It is no use, apparently, unless one is thorough in one's statements. "I have given recitations in the bleak frost-laden countries of Northern Russia and Siberia, in the balmy climates of the South, the burning deserts of the East, and the wild backwoods of America, and for the small sum of 6d." (collected in advance) "will give you any recitation you chuse to harsk for, from Homah or Shakespeah down to George R. Sims. I require 6d. only, to get my night's lodging."

Nobody venturing to suggest a subject—or, if they do, it's about the same—our hero impressively gives out "Christmas Day in the Workhouse," by George R. Sims, fairly enough recited; at the conclusion of which another street-corner is sought for the same performance.

Another class of street-corner men are more of the "Cheap Jack" kind of individual. The wily lures of some of these gentlemen are not always discoverable by a cursory attention to their methods. Imagine coming upon a young fellow in a trap, with the usual flaming naphtha lamps, solemnly holding a boy whose head has a white kerchief over it, looking much like a small culprit prepared for the hangman,

and the said young fellow, with great volubility, explaining some extraordinary and curious phenomenon which would happen, if sufficient attention were paid, but of which it is impossible to make head or tail. This is the simple dodge to collect an audience. That once done, the handkerchief is whipped off, the boy nimbly jumps down, and a copy of *The Evening News and Post* is carefully scanned to point out the advertisement of the young fellow's master, who, purely for advertising purposes, has sent him to this street-corner to sell, or rather, give away, for the audience is emphatically assured that all money taken will be returned, the celebrated pure Abyssinian double electric gold rings to be had at his master's establishment only, at the advertised price of 1s. 4d. "I harsk only one penny from each person for one of these rings. I am not allowed to sell less than one dozen, the same as hadvertised at 1s. 4d." (here the advertisement in *The Evening News* is again referred to, this time the paper upside down; but that is of no consequence); "and all those who purchase this ring, stay where you are; don't go away."

The dozen disposed of, the purchasers are requested to hold up their hands, and the pennies are duly returned. So far, so good. The next article would be a magnificently chased, pure Abyssinian double electric keeper ring, looking sparkingly bright in the glare of the lamps, for which twopence is asked, though sold at the head establishment at 2s. 6d., and the purchasers are earnestly entreated not to go away. Obvious deduction, the two-

pence of course to be returned. Two dozen only allowed to be sold of these. When duly disposed of, and another dozen tried in defiance of the strict regulations, it is found with the very extreme of irrelevance that time does not permit of several gold and silver watches being given



"AN ACCOMPLISHED ELOCUTIONIST."

away, so the "tuppences" are swept into the young fellow's pocket, to enable him, as he says, to give the audience another chance.

Diving quickly into a large box, paper packets are produced warranted to contain something, if only a bent wire button-hook, two of these being sold for 1d.

The sale slackening, one or two are opened, and out fall ivory-handled pocket knives, gold and silver alberts, brooches, &c. A fictitious rush thus created, divings into the box are rapid and frequent, with a large occurrence of bent wire button-hooks and waste-paper among the sold packets. Apparently the public rather enjoy the joke of this chance lottery.

We once came across a very good-

tempered-looking sort of Cheap-Jack who was selling for sixpence what he called the great Parisian novelty, a pocket knife that had a glazier's diamond in the head (with which he cut up quantities of glass), two blades, a file, scissors, corkscrew, gimlet, and goodness knows what besides; and he had in addition albums, scissors, plated spoons, and all kinds of domestic cutlery.

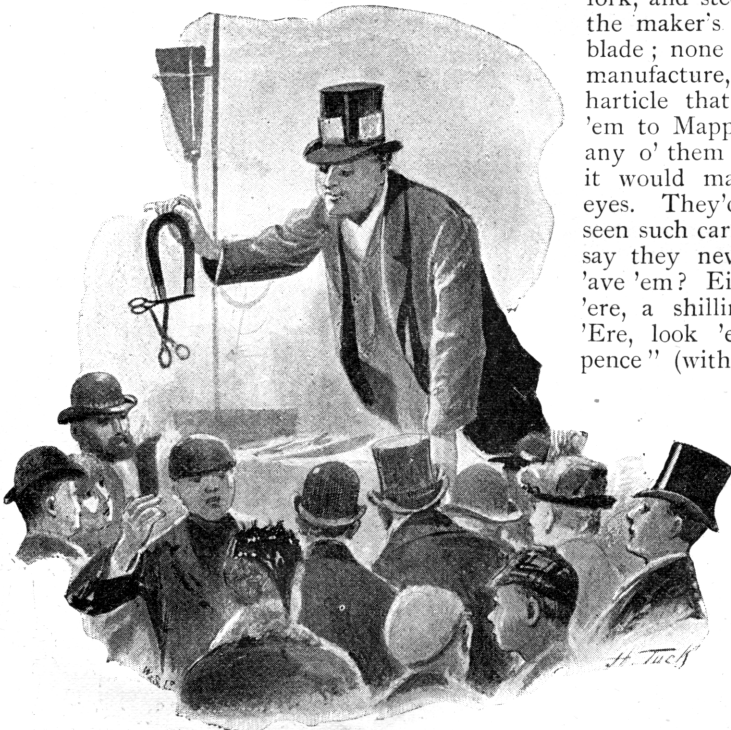
"What! Don't want no albums! Well, what shall I show yer? I've tried yer with everything. But there, I hain't a-going to despair. I've got a little harticle here—I hain't a-going to tell yer no more lies to-night; if I do, may I

be a teetotaler—I've got a little harticle here—and I've honly got a very few, so you'll have to be quick—a carver, carving fork, and steel, real Sheffield make, the maker's name stamped on the blade; none o' yer German-sausage manufacture, real English; a little harticle that, if yer wos to take 'em to Mappin's or Benetfink's, or any o' them there places, I tell yer, it would make them open their eyes. They'd tell yer they'd never seen such carvers before, and I dare say they never did. Now, who'll 'ave 'em? Eighteenpence, fifteen—'ere, a shillin'; who'll 'ave 'em? 'Ere, look 'ere, ninepence, eightpence" (with a bang), "sixpence!

Now who'll 'ave 'em? If I can't sell 'em to yer, I'll give 'em to yer. Fancy, 'ere's a present for the missus! Why, you'd be able to buy twice as much meat for yer Sunday's dinner; the carvers 'ud cut it up so quick; and, after dinner, you could sit at the winder and blow



"A DODGE TO COLLECT AN AUDIENCE."



"DOMESTIC CUTLERY."

yer bacca ; and all for the small sum of sixpence ! Now hain't that much better than sharpening hup the hold knife on the winder-sill in yer shirt sleeves, when the people's a-coming out o' church down below ? Now, who'll 'ave 'em, honly sixpence, and I'll make yer a present of the sheet of paper they're wrapped in ? ”

And so he went on, when one article hung fire promptly introducing fresh ones.

Many other street-corner men there are ; the sweetstuff man, for instance, who sells

so rapidly that two boys are employed to open the bags for him—one penny a quarter of a pound—and occasionally mohair lace sellers, puzzle and toy retailers, shipwrecked mariners, street butchers, song sellers, negro entertainers, and others ; but we have endeavoured, within the limits of this article, to indicate only some of the characters who make a speciality of a street-corner pitch, rather than the heterogeneous army of those who may be termed the kerbstone characters of the London streets.



“A SWEETSTUFF MAN.”

For an Old Debt.

BY J. HARWOOD PANTING.

So, hush ! I will give you this leaf to keep ;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand !
There, that is our secret : go to sleep !
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

BROWNING.



LD Sim was the name they gave him, but he was by no means old—thirty at the most. He had an old-fashioned way with him ; that, I suppose, was the reason of it. He had a slow, methodical way of setting about his business ; but whatever he did, tardy though its accomplishment, was well done. He had a slow way, too, of taking to people—looked at first with suspicion upon everyone and everything, but once he had taken to a man he stuck to him through thick and thin.

Phil was a different creature. He had none of those premature wrinkles which disfigured—yes, disfigured—his brother's face. Why should he ? Life was serious enough, in all conscience, without making it more serious.

"Old Sim—dear old Sim !" He really

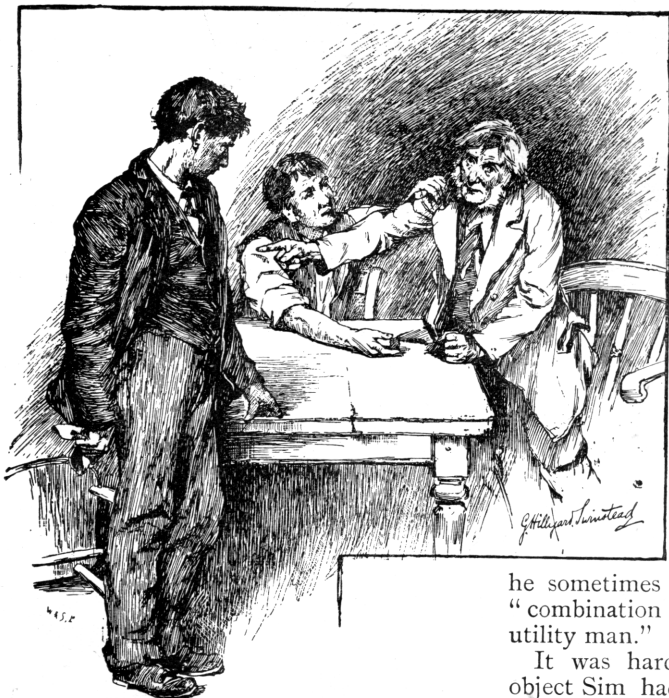
must have followed the line, by right divine, of Methusaleh, some people thought, and there criticism stopped. Adverse tongues could say no more than that, and Heaven forbid that Phil should be on their side. Sim had earned his living almost from the time he had cut his teeth ; so, at least, it was averred. His father, who had a carpenter's shop in Hadlow, had died, leaving the business in difficulties, from which Sim, by dogged perseverance, had extricated it.

Phil admired his brother, but frankly confessed he was unable to imitate him. Perseverance was not in his blood, and what isn't in the blood—well, you know the proverb. He had been of a restless turn ; could not settle down, for the life or him, to any one thing long. When a boy he had run away to sea ; but had come back, after a couple of years, with much less enthusiasm for the nautical profession than when he started.

Then he evinced a love for the drama. He joined a strolling company. His experience on the stage was much shorter than his experience on the ocean. Six months sufficed. He came back hungry, ragged, and footsore. Sim was his refuge at all times. He stood between him and the father when the latter, after one of his early escapades, called him vagabond, and would have turned him out of doors. And when the time came that there was no father or mother in the home-stead, Sim occupied the place of both. As Phil put it, in the stage slang

he sometimes affected, Sim was a sort of "combination company," or "general utility man."

It was hard to discover what precise object Sim had in life. His brother could never make out. He hadn't even a hobby.



"CALLED HIM VAGABOND."

That kind of thing is dangerous. Phil said it was, and he of course knew. *He* had two or three hobbies. He thought them necessary for mental and physical equilibrium. It was noticed, however, that Sim's colour—what little he had of it—would come quicker and go quicker when Miss Katie Hewson came to the shop. The wrinkles in his face would make their way into curious crannies, and broaden out into a smile. It was pleasant to see Sim at such times. Then you might be sworn his life was not altogether objectless.

Phil was going along steadily enough at this time—to all appearances, at least. He was earning fairly good wages as a clerk at the Haddow Brewery, and stuck to his desk with a diligence that surprised and delighted his brother.

One evening, just as the autumn had begun, and the leaves were beginning to fall from the trees, he came in, and did not, as was his wont, stir out again. He chatted away in his careless, free style to Sim; admired the cabinet he had almost finished, which was intended as an exhibit at a forthcoming exhibition in the district, and for "possibilities" afterwards. Phil remarked among other things in keeping with these possibilities, that it would be a handsome addition to Sim's home when he got married, as he supposed he some day would. Sim gave a deprecatory twist of the head, but his face broadened out into one of those queer smiles of his. Then Phil took three or four energetic puffs at his pipe, watched intently for a minute or so the graceful circlets and wavering outlines of the smoke, and broke out abruptly:

"Sim, old fellow, I know that I am indebted to you for a lot—more than I can ever repay you. Will you help me to wipe it off?"

Sim kept on doggedly at his work. He had heard something like this before.

"Ah, I see you distrust me. Quite right, old fellow. I know that I've given you cause."

Sim put down his tools now, and looked up.

"Don't put it that way, boy"—Phil was only four years younger than Sim, but he still regarded him as a boy—"don't put it that way. Have I ever mistrusted you? I know that you've had your oats to sow. You've sown them, and we've got rid of the bad crop, haven't we? Shake hands on it."

"Right, Sim, right. But will you trust me a little further."

"Out with it, boy."

"I've a scheme in my mind by which I hope to clear off some—all, in fact—of the debt I'm still under to you. Only—and here's the difficulty—I want £20 to do it."

"Don't you think anything about the debt that's due to me. Between brothers there's no debt and credit account, and —"

"Oh, yes, Sim, I know you; I know your kind heart, God bless you; but I'm not altogether disinterested. My scheme, which is certain to succeed, will make me a more prosperous, a happier man. Now do you see where I am? Will you help me to that?"

Sim thought for a moment. Twenty pounds would clear him out. He had just that amount in hand. He had withdrawn it only that day from the bank—Phil, of course, was unacquainted with that fact—for



"HER HAND REMAINED IN HIS LONGER THAN USUAL."

the purpose of clearing off the mortgage still remaining upon the house. One thing made his decision the harder. That afternoon Miss Kate Hewson had called in on some excuse or other. Her hand had remained in his longer than usual at parting, and she had—yes, there was no mistaking it—distinctly returned his pressure. A small thing? Very; but to a soft, impressionable nature like Sim's it meant a great deal. In the imaginative picture that pressure summoned up came the difficulty; for, if you have before you an object, the attainment of which necessitates an acquaintance with the principles of £ s. d., it is hard to part with the multiples by which the sum can be worked out.

"Ah, Sim, you are getting selfish, you are getting selfish," he soliloquised. Then his honest, grey eyes looked straight into Phil's: "You shall have it," he said; "but you'll be careful, Phil: it's all I have." Not a word about his intentions: not a word about the mortgage. When Sim did a thing, you see, he did not do it by halves.

Three days after this interview there was considerable excitement in Hadlow. Give people something to talk about in a village, and you may rely upon them carrying out the contract. Item one—Philip Pentreath had disappeared. Item two—Miss Kate Hewson had disappeared also. Item three—there was a small discrepancy in Phil's accounts at the brewery, which, rumour said, amounted to £50. There was another item—a very inconsiderable one this—Simeon Pentreath was ill. All of which items were summed up in the general remark—"Poor old Sim!" To this pity Sim was indifferent, for the simple reason that he was oblivious either to censure or blame. He had a long struggle to regain that happy condition of consciousness to public opinion which he would have preferred being without; but struggling had been in Sim's line, and, though he did not throw any particularly heart in the present combat, he eventually, in spite of himself, and thanks mainly to a compassionate neighbour who nursed him day and night, succeeded in turning out the Dark Shadow which had hovered over his threshold. You would have quite understood the grim victory he achieved had you seen him afterwards. He himself was so much of a shadow that there were sufficient reasons why the other should have given up the competition.

Of course there came a letter of deep contrition from Phil, to which his newly-

made wife—*née* Miss Kate Hewson—appended, in a neat postscript, "her love." Equally, as a matter of course, Phil was going to carve out a fortune in the land—Australia—which he had honoured with his presence, and intended to pay Sim tenfold for the "small sum" he had borrowed of him. Phil was kind enough to say all this, for which mark of brotherly regard (as well as the sisterly postscript) Sim should have been devoutly thankful. Only—Sim was *so* diffident—he never took the trouble to thus express himself. Those queer wrinkles deepened a bit, that was all. These alone told to the curious what his struggle had been.

There was one circumstance which prevented him from becoming quite a misanthrope. It occurred about eight years after his brother left Hadlow. Mrs. Cortis, the neighbour who had watched over him through his illness, herself succumbed to the fate from which she had saved him. Her husband followed within a few short months. They left a little girl, who could only just toddle. Mary was her name. This fatality—out of the husk of misery sometimes comes a kernel of happiness—was Sim's salvation. The child had no relatives in the village, and he adopted her. Strange foster-father and—mother! Yes, Sim was a "general utility man," no doubt of it.

The gnarled tree shot its arms around this tendril, and held it fast. It expanded with its expansion. Sim had lost faith in mankind, taken in its adult branches. He wanted to discover if there was not an exception to the general stock, taken in its earlier growth. The experiment, he plainly foresaw, was a risky one; but life after all was an experiment. He had been taunted with having no hobby. Why should not he, like the rest of them, have one?

Had he remained at this dubious stage, the hobby would not have proved a very hopeful or attractive one. When a person once starts analysis, the process is simply intellectual—not of the heart. Sim soon grew out of this. The child became to him not a problem, but a reality. She underwent this metamorphosis when she first lisped the name of "Father!" Sim then comprehended to the full his responsibilities, and, God helping him, he said, he would not shirk them.

And the child gave him back in interest all she received. The carpenter's shop, wrapped for so long in gloom, became

radiant with sunshine. She prattled to him as he worked at the bench; had her own hammer and her own piece of wood to knock imaginary tacks in; and began to be ambitious of the use of chisel and saw—an ambition which Sim would artfully counteract by the opportune provision of putty and like harmless material.

Then there came the schooldays, in which it was Sim's delight to watch the progression from pot-hooks and hangers to the proud moment when she could write her name. The afternoon which witnessed this evidence of her caligraphic skill was a memorable event. The child came skipping into the workshop with great glee, took possession of a large carpenter's pencil, and, bending down her pretty head over a smooth deal board, which she had frequently extemporised for a slate, triumphantly traced thereon, in large, capital letters, "MARY." The reward was a doll's house, fit for a princess, every piece of furniture in which was Sim's own handiwork.

There were days and nights of anxiety, too, when the child had her first serious illness. Sim had a nurse to attend on her, but he, after all, was the chief attendant at the sick-bed. The doctor laughingly told him that he would grant him his certificate for that profession at any time. Sim laughed, too, but it was after Mary had recovered. He could not afford to indulge in the luxury before, he said, even supposing that his muscles had been equal to the relaxation.

Thus the years sped on, until Sim really became old. The child, too, expanded into a young woman, and had grown in comeliness as well as stature. Sim saw this with

joy, tempered with fear. At such times the thought would cross his mind, "She cannot always be my lass! Someone else will step in, and claim the prize." As this thought came, and he pictured his desolate hearth—home without Mary—he would cry out in agony: "My God, let it not be! I have suffered; am content to suffer still more: but spare me *that* agony!"

Is there not some occult power of divination between hearts attuned to the same sympathies? How else can you explain

it that when thoughts like these bowed the head and saddened the heart of Sim, a loving pair of arms would be found around his neck, a warm, soft cheek against his furrowed one?

Another autumn evening. Sim somehow always remembered that time of the year. The chill breath of the coming winter could be felt in the air. You looked outside and then inside, and inside carried it by a large majority. Have you ever noticed on certain evenings about this time that orchestral symphony on the part of Nature; how her

flutes, and violins, and 'cellos, and bass viols go to work in prelude to the last act of the seasons? No? Well, I don't think Sim's observation ever went so far as that either. Whatever had been the lot which life had brought him, he was quite content with it now. Only the least sensitive flesh has its creepy moments, and—

What was that? Mary was sitting by the fireside knitting; Sim had just loaded his pipe. They heard footsteps outside. They looked at each other; for they were not in the habit of having late visitors.



SIM AND MARY.

There was a gentle rap on the door, and Mary got up and opened it.

"Is Mr. Pentreath within?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I see him?"

A voice like an echo—clear and intelligible enough, but still an echo.

Sim had risen to his feet. The light of the lamp flickered in the wind, and he could see nothing distinctly. The flame

way from Melbourne for that express purpose."

Sim shook hands with him like one in a dream. It seemed so unreal; and yet there was that dull pain which he had thought dead, throb, throb, throbbing into life, and making all so real. For he began to understand: this was Phil's son—*her* son. He was just like what the father had been twenty-four years since: the



"THERE WAS A GENTLE RAP ON THE DOOR."

steadied itself as the stranger crossed the threshold.

"Good God, can it be? Phil!"

Sim asks the question in tones of surprise, wonderment, fear. Thought has bridged the twenty-four years or so since his brother left the homestead: he feels, with a quick gasp of agony, the old wound re-opening. And yet—and yet, this cannot be Phil.

"Well, now, that's strange," said the visitor. "How the deuce do you, who have never seen me, come to recognise me directly you clap eyes in my direction? There must be a strong family likeness somewhere. I *am* Phil—Phil Pentreath, at your service. And you're my uncle—Uncle Sim—of whom I've heard so much, and long wished to see. Won't you shake hands with a fellow? I've come all the

same figure, eyes, expression—the same name, too.

Luckily, Mary was there. By her womanly tact all feeling of constraint disappeared, and they were soon seated around the fire engaged in animated conversation. Phil Pentreath, sen., it appeared, had prospered of recent years—was regarded quite as a wealthy man in the colonies. Then he woke up to the consciousness that he had a brother, and Phil Pentreath, jun., the only son, who had long felt a wish to see England, was sent, as his father's envoy, to "look old Sim up."

"So, you see, I've looked you up," said the young man, "though I must say you didn't seem very pleased at first. Anyhow, you must put up with me for a bit, for my father's sake. In a little while I hope you will put up with me for my own."



YOUNG PHIL.

Sim repeated, in an absent sort of way, "for his father's sake," and then they parted for the night.

Young Phil had taken up his quarters at the Hadlow Arms, the principal inn in the village; and for the next month or so was a frequent visitor at the old carpenter's shop. He was a frank, manly sort of young fellow, and made friends wherever he went. On the second day of his stay he had slipped an envelope into his uncle's hand. It was from his father, he said. Sim was to open it when he was alone. Obeying this request, he found within a slip of paper, on which were written these words only—"For an old debt." Enclosed with this was a draft for £100. Sim went to a cupboard in the shop, unlocked the door, and took out a cabinet, thickly covered with dust—the cabinet upon which he had worked so long since, and which was still unfinished. He opened one of the drawers, took therefrom a document, enclosed the slip of paper and the draft along with this in an envelope, and wrote across it the same words contained in his brother's message—"For an old debt." The document contained

the signatures of Messrs. Bedders, the brewers, in satisfaction of a sum of £50 paid to them some years since by Simeon Pentreath, on behalf of Philip Pentreath, his brother. He put the envelope in the drawer, and returned the cabinet to its hiding-place.

Phil and Mary were naturally thrown very much together during this time, and seemed to take a great deal of pleasure in each other's society. One could not help admiring Mary, you see, and—well, between young couples who can prevent sympathy? With declining years Sim had become lynx-eyed; but whether he saw this growing feeling cannot positively be affirmed. Only, that old wound of his occasionally gave him greater trouble.

Phil's visit was drawing to a close. He came to the shop one evening. Sim was asleep in his arm-chair.

"Mary," said Phil, "do you regret my visit to England?"

Mary opened her sweet blue eyes in astonishment.

"Why should I, Phil?" she answered simply.

"Well, I don't know; but I sometimes think Uncle Sim does."



"DO YOU REGRET MY VISIT?"

"Father? No, no; if you knew him as I do, you would not say that," with a tender look in the direction of the sleeper.

"You love him very much?"

"Very, very much. He has been more than a father to me."

"Ah!" and the young man sighed. "I thought of making a request, Mary; but I see it would be hopeless."

Mary averted her face. She knew instinctively what that request was. The young man paused to see if there were any further sign, and thought he saw a tear stealing down the fair cheek.

"Would you entrust your life to one who would love you—yes, quite as dearly as he?"

"Don't, don't," said Mary, rising to her feet, and still averting her face. "I know all you would say. But that can never be. My duty is here—with him. Do not tempt me to forget it."

The sleeper in the arm-chair slightly moved. Dreaming probably. A smile wreathed itself around the withered lips, as though the dream were a happy one.

"Do not hastily decide, Mary. On your decision so much depends—for me. You like me a little: ah! I see you do. I knew I was not so deceived as all that. Don't think I cannot appreciate and admire your loyalty—your devotion to my uncle; but he would be the last to stand in the way of your future happiness. Let me wake him, and you shall hear it from his own lips?"

"No—pray don't; I know what his answer would be. He would never think of self; he never has done. He would only think of me. He has devoted himself heart and soul to me. I can sacrifice a little in return for his dear sake."

Yes; evidently happy dreams. A sigh of contentment came from the lips of the sleeper.

"Ah! Mary," said Phil, "every word you utter makes it harder for me to relinquish all hope. I cannot accept your decision as final. See, I have to run over to Tunbridge this evening. It will be midnight before I return. It is now nine. That will give you three

good hours to decide. If I see a light burning in your window—as I have often seen it unbeknown to you when I've returned here for a last look after wishing you good night—I will take it that your decision is favourable. If the light be out, then I shall know that my hopes are too. That shall be my farewell. I will not trust myself to see you again."

"That would be cruel," said Mary, with a suppressed sob.

"On whose part? Not mine, Mary, for with you will rest the more agreeable alternative."

And before she could say more he had gone. The girl covered her face with her hands and wept. Then she knew that life has its sorrows and perplexities for young as well as old.

"Mary, dear." It was the voice—very quiet and soft it seemed—of Sim.

"Awake, father?" The girl came forward and put her arms around his neck, and kissed him passionately.

"Why, lass, what's the matter? Your cheek is wet. You've been crying!"

"And you. See!" and with her hand-



"SHE LOOKED INTO THE FLICKERING FLAME."

kerchief she tenderly wiped away two large tear-drops that were trickling down the furrowed cheeks.

"Have I? Well, that's queer. I must have been dreaming. They were happy dreams, though, if there were tears with 'em. And you—have you been dreaming, too?" with a quick glance at her face.

"I have not had the chance yet," she said, evasively. "I will tell you to-morrow"—this with a forced little laugh.

"To-morrow!" he repeated. "Well, then, to-morrow. May your dreams, child, be happy now and always. Good-night, darling."

"Good-night, dearest," she answered.

The old man folded her lovingly in his arms for a moment, and pressed upon her lips one long, lingering kiss. His eyes followed her as she lit a candle and went out.

She reached her chamber, and put down the candlestick on the little table by the window. She looked into its flickering flame. "If the light be out, then I shall know that my hopes are too," he had said. "That shall be my farewell."

Ah! the decision *was* hard—far harder than she had first thought. She drew the curtains to one side, and looked out. Patches of dark grey cloud, which gained now and again gleams of evanescent light from the pale, cold moon, were moving fleetly on. Very quiet the village seemed, and Mary found herself wondering whether under any roof therein there was any such question trembling in the balance as that which she was now called on to decide. She again glanced upward, as though seeking inspiration. Like twin sentinels she now saw twinkling through the drift-

ing clouds two stars—one symbolising duty; the other love. Which should be her lamp? She drew a deep breath, half sob, and put out the light. That was her answer.

* * * *

Mary's sleep was a troubled, broken one. She could not have slept very long, as it seemed to her, when she awoke with a shiver, and—

What was that? The candle was alight! By what magic had this been done? She had put it out: of that she was certain. Could she have risen in her sleep and re-lit it? She raised herself on her elbow—now quite awake; and, as she did so, felt a gust of cold air on her face. She looked whence it came, and saw that the door, which she had firmly closed, was partly open. She sprang out of bed, hurriedly drew a shawl around her, put on her slippers, took the candle, and passed out. She listened at her father's bedroom. No sound within. She opened the door. No one there, and the bed had not been slept in. She hastened below in great fear and trembling.

And there she found him, his head resting on a dusty old cabinet, which she never remembered having seen before. Just beside the arm which served him as a pillow was an envelope, on which she read, even in that anxious moment, "For an old debt."

"Fallen asleep again, poor dear," thought Mary. Then, aloud, "Father!"

No response. She touched him on the shoulder. Still no reply. "Father! Father!" This time in pathetic, wailing accents. But the sleeper still slept on. He had paid the last great debt of all, and had gone to render his account.



Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.



Samuel A. Walker.] AGE 32. [230, Regent Street.

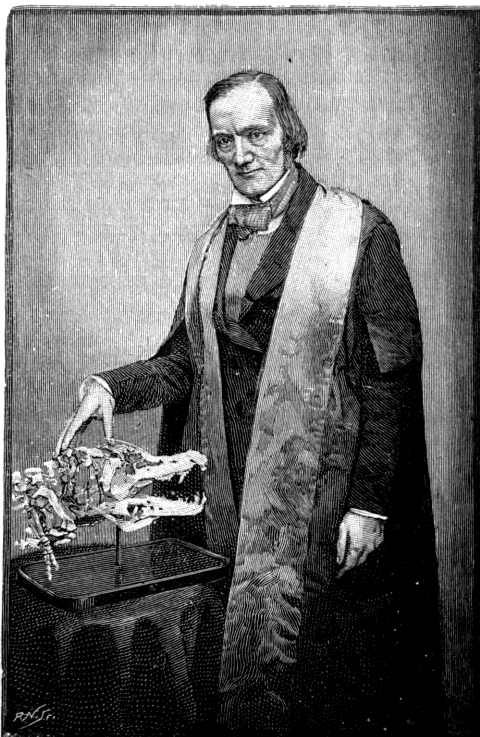
PROFESSOR OWEN.

BORN 1804.



RICHARD OWEN, naturalist, was born at Lancaster, and in early life evinced great love of the sea, and entered the Navy as a middy; but he was only ten years old

when he left the *Tribune* to become a pupil of a surgeon. At twenty-one he entered as a student at St. Bartholomew's, where he soon attracted the notice of the great Abernethy, who showed him much kindness, and prevented him from accepting a post as a ship's surgeon in 1826. "Going to sea, sir!" said Abernethy, "you are going to the devil!" "I hope not, sir!" "Go to sea! You had better, I tell you, go to the



From a Photo. by]

AGE 52.

[Maull & Fox.

devil at once," reiterated rough but glorious John, and offered him an ap-

pointment at the College of Surgeons. Thus the Navy lost a good officer and Science gained one of her brightest ornaments, "The Newton of Natural History." Professor Owen is a member of every learned Society of eminence in the world, and Her Majesty has appropriately recognised his great services to Science by granting him as a residence Sheen Lodge, in Richmond Park.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 85.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by] AGE 17. [W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] AGE 27. [Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by] AGE 35. [W. & D. Downey.

MRS. W. H. KENDAL.



T will be safe to say that there is scarcely a reader of

THE STRAND MAGAZINE to whom the features of Mrs. Kendal will not be familiar. Her maiden name was Margaret Robertson, "Our Madge," a famous name; her brother, T. W. Robertson, having enriched our dramatic literature with that series of pure and brilliant comedies, "School," "Caste," "Ours," &c., which may be said to have made the fame and fortune of the Bancrofts at the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, in Tottenham Court-road. The name by which she is known to the theatrical public is a *nom de théâtre*, her proper designation being Mrs. W. Hunter Grimstone. Mrs. Kendal commenced her dramatic training early; she was no more than four years of age when she took the part of the *Blind*



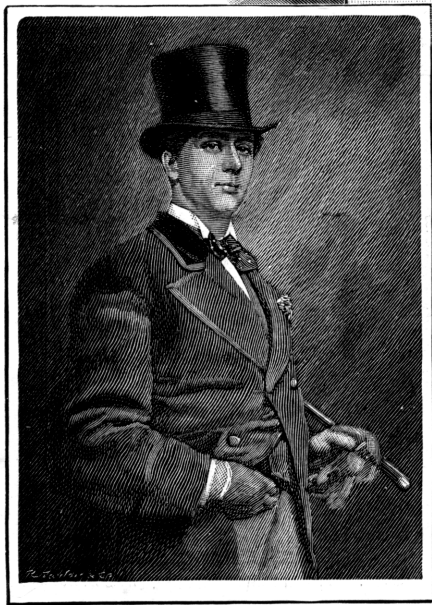
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PRESENT DAY.

[Falk, New York.

Child in "The Seven Poor Travellers." Thirteen years afterwards, in 1865, she made her appearance at the Haymarket Theatre—a theatre associated with so many of her triumphs—a *s. Ophelia* to the late Walter Montgomery's *Hamlet*. Engagements in the provinces, and afterwards at Drury Lane and the Haymarket again, followed; each fresh engagement being marked by a distinct advance in her powers.

Her successes during her subsequent career are fresh in the remembrance of playgoers. Mrs. Kendal's triumphs in the United States are too recent, and our space too limited, to need recapitulation here. She goes again to the States this year, to the regret of her numerous admirers, who are looking forward eagerly to her return, when it is hoped she will once more take her place at the head of a London company.



From a Photo. by] AGE 21. [Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.



AGE 30
From a Photo. by
W. & J. Downey.



AGE 40.
From a Photo. by
Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY. [Talber, San Francisco.

W. H. KENDAL.

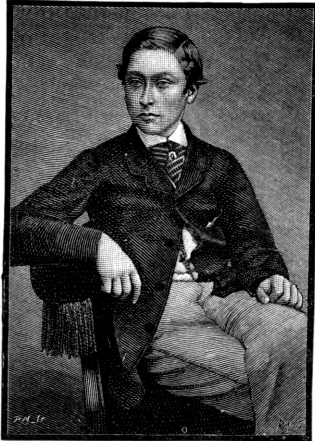


R. W. H. KENDAL (William Hunter Grimstone) made his first bow to a theatrical audience when he was eighteen years of age, at the little Royalty Theatre in Soho, and afterwards migrated to the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, where for five years he went through his apprenticeship, gaining experience in the company of most of the leading actors and actresses of the day. That useful engagement ended, he made what is called his professional London *début* at the Haymarket Theatre, making a leap to the front ten months afterwards by his performance, at the same theatre, of *Orlando* in "As You Like It." The professional association of his name with that of his wife is inevitable, because it was in association with her that he achieved his greatest successes, notably in such plays as "Uncle's Will," "Pygmalion and Galatea," and "The Wicked World." In 1875 he went to the Court Theatre under the management of Mr. Hare, and a year afterwards, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, made a remarkable success as *Captain Beauclerc* in "Diplomacy." In this success he was associated with Mr. Bancroft and the late Mr. John Clayton, and the celebrated *scène des trois hommes*

became the talk of the town. A long engagement at the Court Theatre followed, and then Mr. Hare and the Kendals joined business forces at the St. James's Theatre, a partnership which afforded so much delight to the public that there was a general expression of regret when it was broken.



From a Photo, by] AGE 14. [Hills & Saunders.



From a Photo, by] AGE 15. [Mauill & Fox.



From a Photo, by] AGE 18. [Mauill & Fox.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

BORN 1850.



PRINCE
ARTHUR,
the third
son of Queen
Victoria,

born at Buckingham Palace on the first of May, 1850, was, at the ages at which our first two portraits represent him, receiving his education privately; but at sixteen, it having been decided that he should become a soldier, he was entered at Woolwich, where he studied military science for three years. Our third portrait shows him at this time in the cadet uniform of the Royal Artillery. A year later

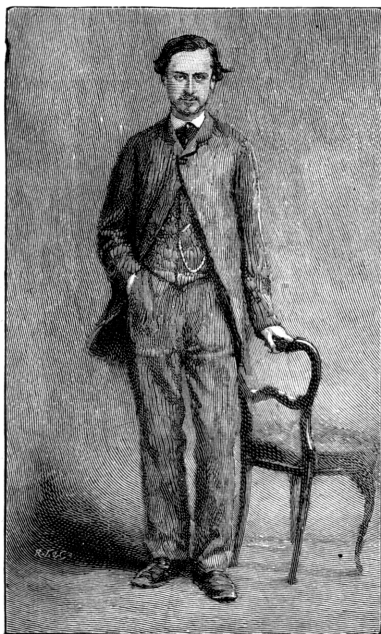


From a Photo, by] AGE 24. [Mauill & Fox.



From a Photo, by] PRESENT DAY. [Mauill & Fox.

he joined the Rifle Brigade, of which he was to become colonel-in-chief in 1880, and the uniform of which he is wearing in the fourth portrait here presented. At twenty-four—the age of this portrait—Prince Arthur was created Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, and Earl of Sussex. Five years later he married Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia. The Duke of Connaught has seen active service in Egypt, the cross for which he wears on his left breast in the portrait of him at the present day which is here given. His popularity with his men is great, and his efficiency as a commander is well recognised; and, according to recent reports, he is likely in the future to fill a more prominent position in the public eye than hitherto.



Willet Bros.,]

AGE 16.

[Brighton.



Mayall,]

AGE 24.

Brighton.

DR. ROBSON ROOSE.

BORN 1848.



OBSON
ROOSE,
M.D., LL.D.,
and F.R.C.P.
of Edin-
burgh, whose

name is now so widely and popularly known, was born in November, 1848. His parents were not in flourishing circumstances, and losing his father when he was eight years of age, and his mother when he was fifteen, he was left but poorly furnished by fortune to fight his way through life. Being his own pilot, and being early imbued with an earnest desire to become a doctor, he set to work to educate himself, and became a student at the County Hospital, Brighton, and subsequently at Guy's Hospital, London. He then spent some time studying in Paris, Brussels, and in various medical centres in Germany and Italy. In 1870 he started practice in Brighton, and there



From a Photo, by]

AGE 42.

[Barraud.

achieved so considerable a reputation that he opened consulting rooms in London, which he attended regularly for five years, continuing his professional labours in Brighton the while. In 1884 he took up his permanent residence in London, where he speedily made an extensive practice and became an established authority. He is the author of several works, among which may be mentioned his book on "Gout," which has passed through six editions in England, and has been

translated into French and German. To a masterly knowledge of the disorders he treats Dr. Robson Roose adds the valuable qualities of a sympathetic nature, and he possesses a rare tact in inspiring confidence in the patients who throng his consulting rooms. His connection is largely political and literary, and in art circles he is greatly esteemed for his kindly manners and his skill.

MICHAEL MAYBRICK.

(STEPHEN ADAMS.)

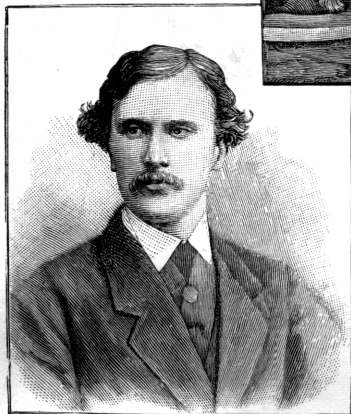


LIVERPOOL has produced two great living baritones—Chas. Sant-

ley and Michael Maybrick. The latter's musical abilities showed themselves early, for at eight he had learned to play the piano, and at fourteen he was



Leipsic and Milan; then, returning to England, he appeared in public with instantaneous success. It is strange, however, that while studying at Leipsic his vocal powers should have been discovered, while his talent for composition should have escaped recognition. It was not until after his appearance as a singer that he began to write songs for himself. "The Warrior



From a Photo. by] AGE 21. [Kay, Liverpool.

AGE 17.

From a Photo. by
Scott & Ferranti,
Liverpool.



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. [Sarony & Co.

appointed organist of St. Peter's, the parish church of Liverpool, his native city, a position which he filled for eight years. As an accompanist in the concert-room, he was also held in great request. Obtaining leave of absence, he entered the Conservatoire at Leipsic, where it was discovered for the first time that his voice was a very fine one. For two years he studied singing at



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY, [Debenham & Gould, B'mouth.

Bold" appeared under the now familiar name of Stephen Adams. Then, in 1870, came "Nancy Lee," a song whose swing and strength of rhythm obtained for it an extraordinary popularity. Perhaps no song was ever sung, played, hummed, and whistled to the same extent. All Mr. Maybrick's songs enjoy the rare advantage of being introduced to the public by the composer himself.



From a]

AGE 25.

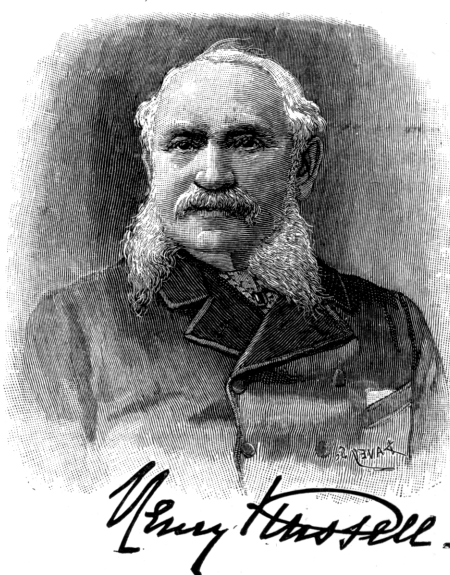
[Painting.

HENRY RUSSELL.

BORN 1813.



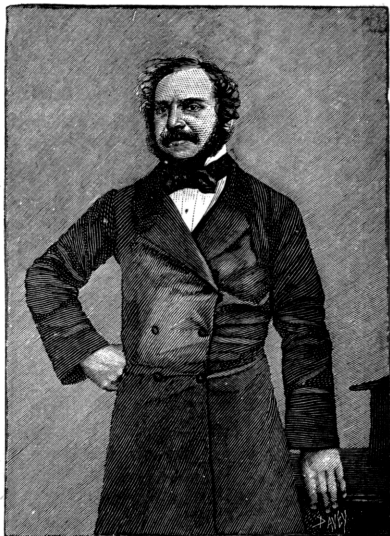
FOR years enough to satisfy any man's ambition, Mr. Henry Russell's songs were in everybody's mouth, and it is to be doubted whether any composer of songs for the people ever enjoyed a greater popularity. When we were children our parents used to sing "Woodman, spare that Tree," "The Ivy Green," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "Man the Lifeboat," "There's a good time coming," and other songs of his. He had the happy talent, in addition to his great gifts, of hitting the public taste, and of



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY.

[Barraud.

producing songs which "caught on" the moment they were heard; and all the country sang "Buffalo Girls," "Coal Black Rose," and "Get out of the way, Ole Dan Tucker." Henry Russell was born December 24, 1813, and was singing contralto at Drury Lane Theatre when Elliston was *impresario*. He sang before George IV., and he relates how the King took him on his knee and kissed him. In 1825 he went to Bologna to study,



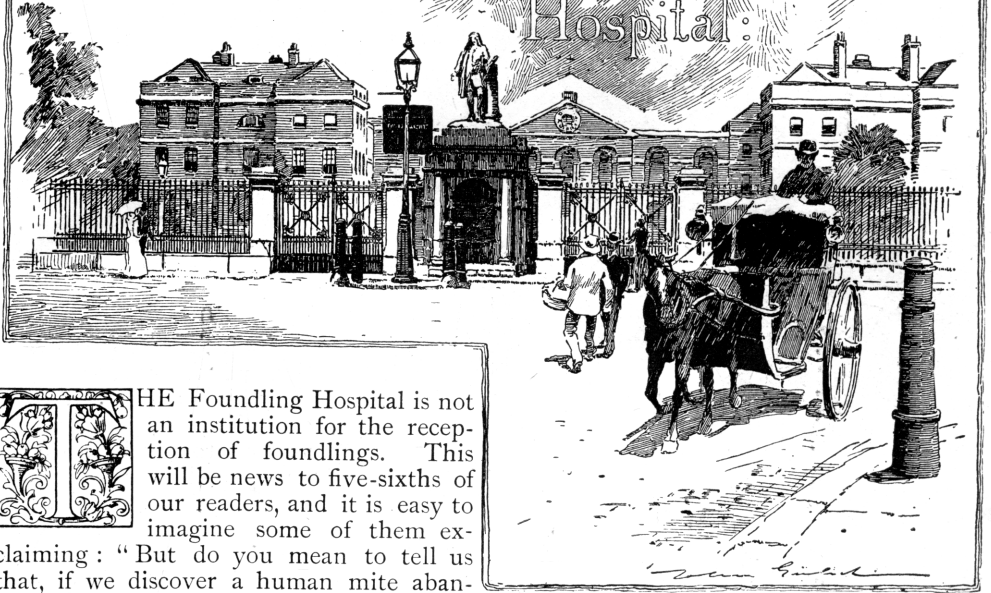
From a]

AGE 40.

[Daguerreotype.

and there he gained a gold medal for an original operetta. At twenty he went to America, and there commenced his wonderfully successful career as a descriptive singer. In England he drew crowded audiences everywhere, and one of his entertainments, entitled "The Far West," contributed greatly to the flow of emigration to the United States and our colonies. Mr. Russell is seventy-eight years of age, and looks twenty years younger. He is the father of Mr. Clark Russell, the well-known novelist.

The Foundling Hospital:



THE Foundling Hospital is not an institution for the reception of foundlings. This will be news to five-sixths of our readers, and it is easy to imagine some of them exclaiming: "But do you mean to tell us that, if we discover a human mite abandoned on someone's doorstep, and take it to the Foundling Hospital, it will not be admitted?" We do. "Why, then, call the place a Foundling Hospital?" Thereby hangs a deeply interesting story—a story of human wrong, of human suffering; of evil, of good; of sorrow, of succour—a veritable world's story, focussing the large-souled sympathy of mankind, the weakness and trust of woman, and the treachery and infidelity of man.

The institution owes its origin to one of Nature's noblemen; it is a monument equally to the head and the heart of Captain Thomas Coram. Captain Coram, in no ordinary sense of the word, went about doing good. His life was made up of attempts to improve something or somebody. Early in the eighteenth century, he used, in his walks between the City, where he had business, and Rotherhithe, where he lived, to constantly come across young children left by the wayside, "sometimes alive, sometimes dead, and sometimes dying." In other countries such children would be taken up by the State, and cared for; in England nothing of the sort had ever been attempted, or even

perhaps dreamed of. Captain Coram's heart was touched by surely the most pitiable sight in creation, and to touch Captain Coram's heart was to set the machinery of his resourceful brain in motion. He rightly considered such exposure of infant humanity a disgrace to civilisation, and proceeded to enlist the services of the high-placed and the large-hearted in the cause. For seventeen long years he laboured against adverse circumstances, until, in 1739, his efforts were rewarded by a charter authorising the founding of an institution "for the maintenance and education of exposed and deserted young children."

A fine statue of Captain Coram, by W. C. Marshall, R.A., and a stone tablet to his memory, placed on the wall of the arcade in front of the building, are the first things to catch the visitor's eye. Coram lived, we are told, to be eighty-four, and died "poor in worldly estate, rich in good works." To help the new-born infant, he brought his grey hairs, if not in sorrow, at least in poverty to the grave. Like so many other benefactors of mankind, in striving to alleviate distress, this "indefatigable schemist"



FOUNDLING GIRLS.

forgot himself, and had he, in his devotion, not had friends who gave more regard to his material needs than he gave himself, he might have closed his eyes to mundane affairs in want by the wayside, even as the objects of his solicitude opened theirs.

It is not necessary to go here at length into the early mistakes made, or to describe how the institution failed of the purpose which the founder had in view. It was intended by him to meet the necessities of deserted motherhood; it came, in the middle of the last century, to be a receptacle for all the babes whom worthless parents did not care to keep. A basket was hung outside the gates of the Hospital. On the first day 117 children were left in it, and a lucrative trade sprang up among tramps who, for a consideration, carried the little ones from all parts of England to the Hospital. In less than four years, 14,934 infants were thus disposed of.

These "regiments of infantry," as a waggish commentator called them, overwhelmed the resources of the institution, and it is not surprising to learn that, from various causes, not

more than 4,000 of the 14,934 survived. The indiscriminate admission of children had to be abolished. Later, it was decided to receive children for money, but this step resulted in other abuses, and we have the authority of the admirable account of the Hospital, compiled by a former secretary, and revised by the present, Mr. W.

S. Wintle — a work which may be purchased for half a crown, and is well worth attentive study—for stating that, since January, 1801, no child has been received into the Hospital, either directly or indirectly, with any sum of money, large or small.

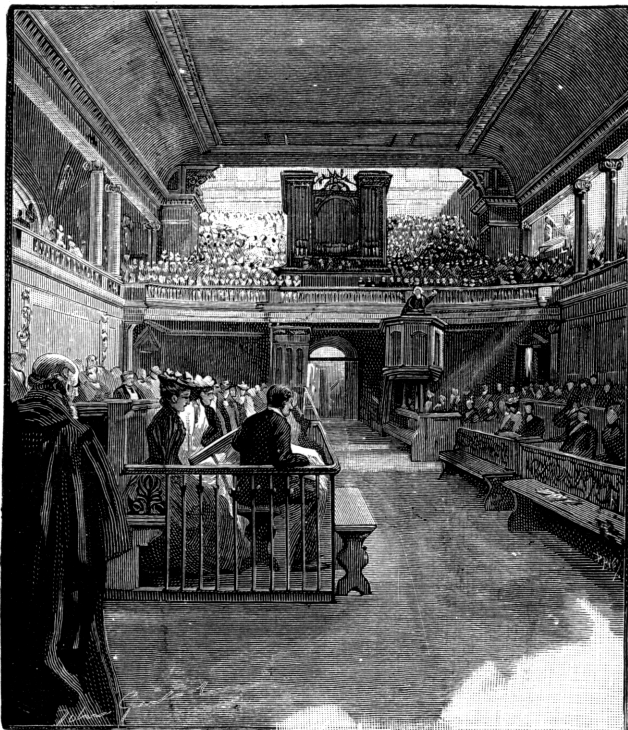
To-day the practice is for the mother to take the babe before it is twelve months old to the Hospital, to make her statement before the authorities, and to leave the child to their care absolutely. She must be poor, she must be anxious to regain her good name, and no woman who petitions that her child may be admitted to the Hospital

stands a chance of relief if she cannot prove that she has led a life of propriety previous to her misfortune. This point cannot be too strongly borne in mind. As the Reverend Sydney Smith, one of the preachers of the Foundling Chapel put it:—

"No child drinks of our cup or eats of our



FOUNDLING BOYS.



THE CHAPEL.

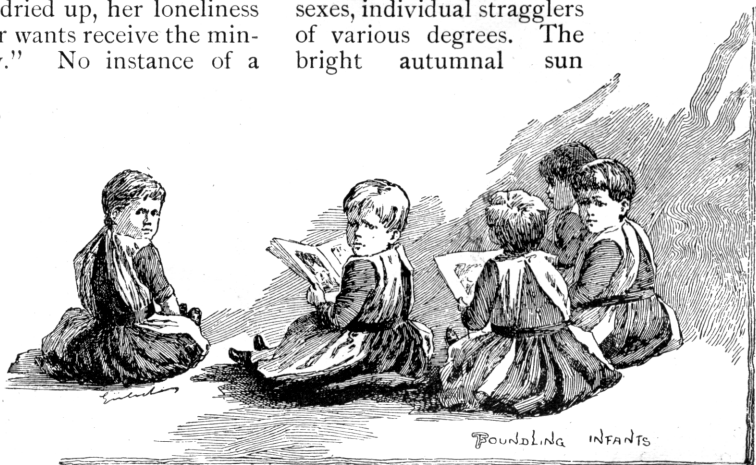
bread whose reception, upon the whole, is not certain to be more conducive than pernicious to the interests of religion and good morals. We hear no mother whom it would not be merciless and shocking to turn away ; we exercise the trust reposed in us with a trembling and sensitive conscience ; we do not think it enough to say, 'This woman is wretched, and betrayed, and forsaken' ; but we calmly reflect if it be expedient that her tears should be dried up, her loneliness sheltered, and all her wants receive the ministration of charity." No instance of a mother going to the bad after she has been relieved by the Governors of the Foundling Hospital has, we believe, ever come to notice !

The general public knows most of the Foundling Hospital from a visit to the chapel on a Sunday morning. Anyone who is prepared to drop a

silver coin into the plate at the door is admitted. The spectacle is impressive. In the galleries at the west end of the chapel, on either side of the organ, are seated some five hundred boys and girls, better behaved probably than any other considerable number of young people who appear in church regularly every Sunday. Their happy faces are perhaps a greater pleasure to gaze upon than their healthy voices are to listen to. Divine service over, at one o'clock they march into their respective dining-rooms, the boys being in one wing of the building and the girls in the other. Grace in the former is sung to the accompaniment of a cornet, which one of the boys plays. When they take their places at table, the spectator will find none lacking in appetite for the simple honest repast. On the opposite side of the building the girls are doing not less justice to themselves and

those who have provided and prepared the dinner.

The scene on any Sunday morning in the year 1891 is precisely that which Charles Dickens described in "No Thoroughfare," a quarter of a century ago :—"There are numerous lookers-on at the dinner, as the custom is. There are two or three governors, whole families from the congregation, smaller groups of both sexes, individual stragglers of various degrees. The bright autumnal sun



FOUNDLING INFANTS

strikes freshly into the wards, and the heavy framed windows through which it shines, and the panelled walls on which it strikes, are such windows and such walls as pervade Hogarth's pictures. The girls' refectory (including that of the younger children) is the principal attraction. Neat attendants silently glide about the orderly and silent tables; the lookers-on move or stop as the fancy takes them; comments in whispers on face such a number from such a window are not infrequent; many of the faces are of a character to fix attention. Some of the visitors from the outside public are accustomed visitors. They have established a speaking acquaintance with the occupants of particular seats at the tables,

interesting of the classes is that of the infants. On the day on which we visit the Foundling for the especial purpose of this paper, they are turned out of their ordinary room, and are squatted on the floor of another in sections before blackboards, and with slates in their laps. They are the veriest, chubbiest urchins imaginable, and, as we approach, three or four of them turn their smiling faces up to ours. They evidently expect to be spoken to, and we ask them what they are doing?

"Writin'," answers a babe of a very few summers.

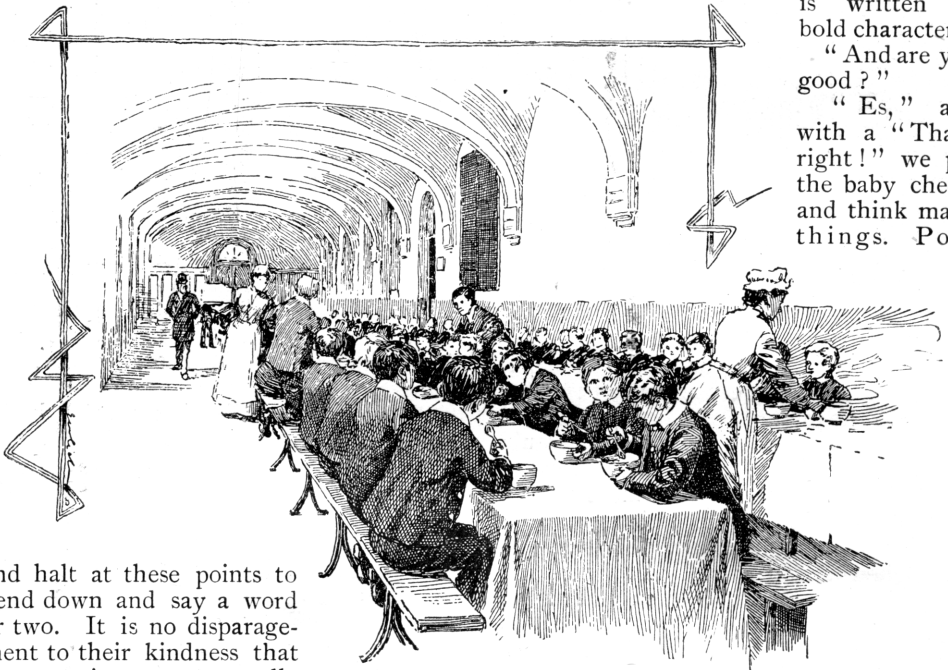
"Writing what?" we ask.

"Good," is the reply, as a little finger points to the blackboard on which the word

is written in bold characters.

"And are you good?"

"Es," and with a "That's right!" we pat the baby cheek, and think many things. Poor



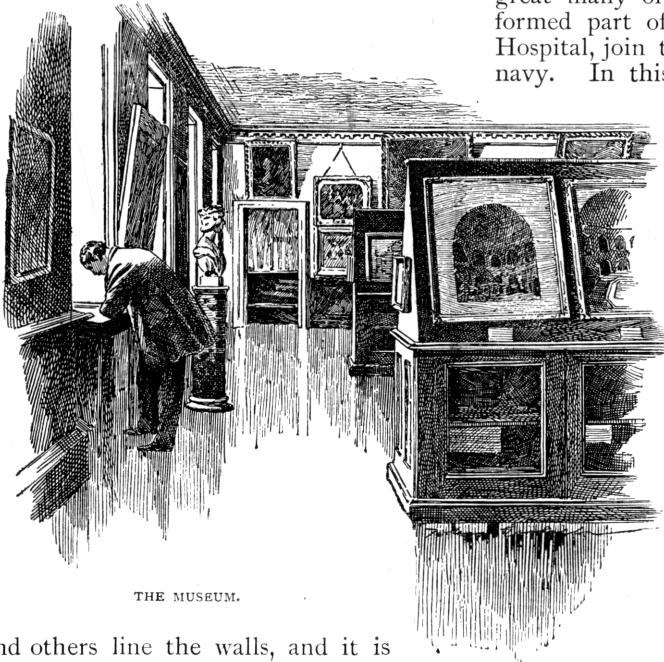
BOYS AT DINNER.

and halt at these points to bend down and say a word or two. It is no disparagement to their kindness that those points are generally points where personal attractions are. The monotony of the long spacious rooms and the double lines of faces is agreeably relieved by these incidents, although so slight."

There is not much to see in the classrooms, which will not be fully conveyed in our illustrations. As we enter the boys' room, we are momentarily startled by the shuffle of feet as every boy rises respectfully in his place. Not being professional school inspectors, such honours are not often accorded us. Resuming their seats, the class work goes on as at any ordinary school. So with the girls. The most

little mites, and yet happy withal! Motherless, fatherless, friendless, and yet inmates of an institution which is not such a bad substitute for father, mother, and friends. What would they be but for it? Recruits perchance in the ranks of shame into which their mothers might have drifted. And their mothers? Who knows but that somewhere out in the world, women are living, and working, and sleeping; dreaming, wondering how fares the helpless mortal for whose existence they are responsible, for whom they still bear a love which no barrier of separation can obliterate?

From the school-rooms let us go to the museum, where are stored some valuables and many curiosities. Pictures by Hogarth



THE MUSEUM.

and others line the walls, and it is an interesting item of information that the Royal Academy of Arts, to which the fashionable world flocks to-day, was suggested to the founders by the crowds of people who in the last century went to see the pictures exhibited at the Foundling Hospital. Artists rallied strongly to the support of the institution, which also enlisted the services of Handel, who devoted his "Messiah" to its benefit, and presented the organ which is still in use. Lovers of art history and art treasures will find much on the walls and in the show-cases of the Foundling Hospital to gratify them. What will attract the majority of people more, however, than Handel's gifts, or Hogarth's or Sir Joshua Reynolds' canvases, are the tokens which it early became necessary to stipulate should be left with the child for the purpose, if need be, of identification. All sorts of things were left, from a coin or a key to a trinket or a piece of ribbon. Hearts and wedding rings are numerous, the former, no doubt, emblems more often than not of broken hearts, the latter eloquent of disappointed hopes. In some instances the token took the shape of verse.

What becomes of the inmates of the Hospital when the time arrives to turn

them out into the world to gain a living? The boys, at the age of fourteen, are usually apprenticed to some trade. A great many of them, however, who have formed part of the juvenile band at the Hospital, join the bands of the army and navy. In this position they seem to do

especially well. Testimonials of gratitude from lads brought up at the Hospital are not wanting. One is a handsome Chinese vase, bearing the inscription: "Presented to the Foundling Hospital by George Ross, Corporal, Band, 74th Highlanders, as a small token of gratitude for the years of childhood spent in the institution. Hong Kong, 15th February, 1879." Another is an inkstand made of Irish bog oak, and was "Presented to the Governors of the Foundling Hospital by Corporal Samuel Reid, a foundling, of Her Ma-

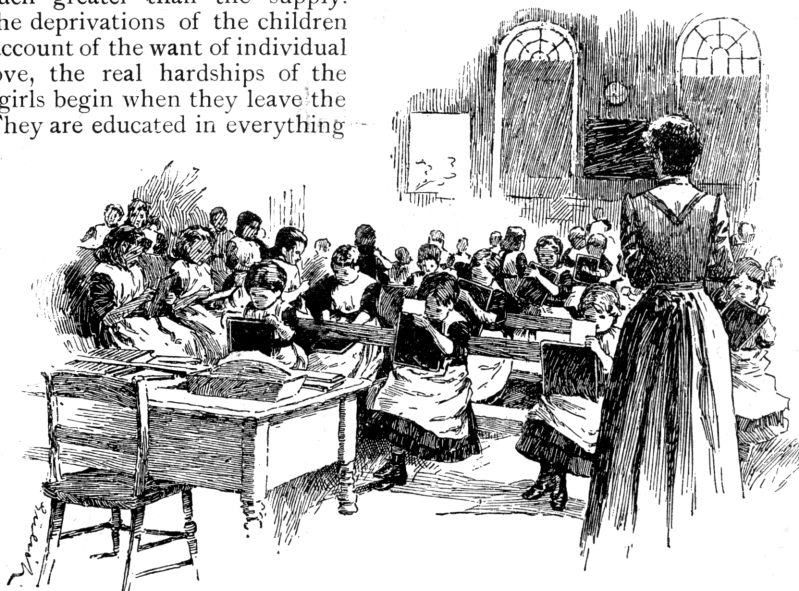
jesty's Regiment Military Train, as a token of deep gratitude. April 26, 1868."

The girls go into domestic service, and with initial care make excellent servants. In these days, when good domestics are so difficult to get, the demand for foundling



A TOKEN.

girls is much greater than the supply. Whatever the deprivations of the children may be on account of the want of individual motherly love, the real hardships of the lives of the girls begin when they leave the Hospital. They are educated in everything



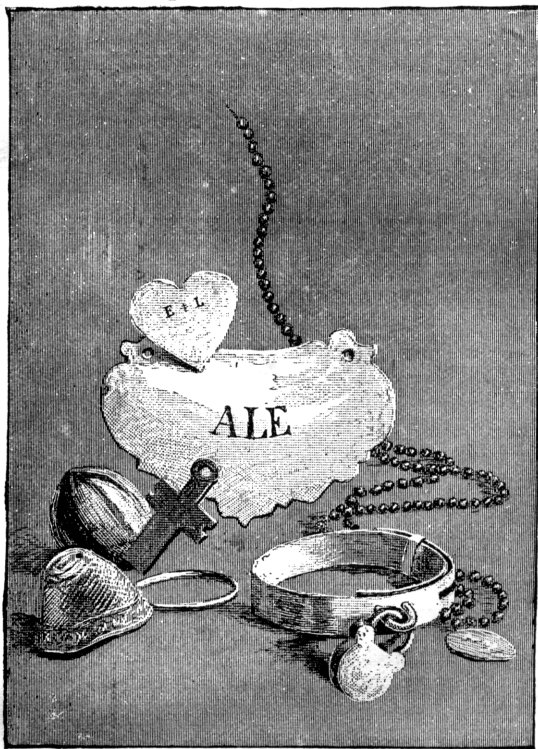
GIRLS IN SCHOOL.

save worldly knowledge. Where an ordinary girl runs errands for her parents, and becomes a little woman by the time she reaches her teens, the foundling girls remain in absolute ignorance of how to purchase any single article, or transact the simplest affairs outside the home. This is one drawback. Another and sadder is when, standing on the threshold of the great world, they realise that they are not as the majority of other girls are. They go to service, and they have not a friend of any kind to see or to talk about. Do what it will, the Hospital cannot supply the place of relatives, and, however much her origin may be screened from her fellow-servants, in all probability

the time comes when the latter say: "How strange we never hear you speak of your father, or your mother, or your sister, or your brother." Then the lonely maiden

invents little stories and tells fibs, which the most truthful among us may pardon, respecting the father and mother who are dead, or whatever other explanation may occur to her. If the inquisitive world only knew what painful thoughtless inquiries may cause!

A visit to the Foundling Hospital will afford food for many an hour's reflection. We are often urged to recognise woman's equality with man. The Foundling Hospital is a pathetic reminder of her eternal inequality.



TOKENS.

A Perilous Wooing.

FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

[BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON, the first and greatest writer which Norway has produced, was born at Quiken, in North Norway, on the 8th of December, 1832, his father being a Lutheran country pastor. At an early age he began to write, and a two years' residence at Copenhagen, to which city he removed at twenty-four, and where he studied the chief Danish writers, confirmed him in his resolve to create a literature in Norway. He was only twenty-six when he assumed the directorship of the theatre at Bergen, where he produced play after play of national importance. He wrote also several novels, of which "Arne" and "In God's Way" are, perhaps, the best known to English readers. The following little story shows as well as any of his long romances his peculiar and original characteristics—his faithful yet poetic painting of the life and the wild scenery of the Norwegian Alps.]



"WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME," ASKED THOR.

FROM the time that Aslang was quite grown up there was no longer any peace or quiet at Husaby. In fact, all the handsomest young fellows in the village did nothing but fight and quarrel night after night; and it was always worst on Saturday nights. Aslang's father, old Canute Husaby, never went to bed on those nights without keeping on at least his leather breeches, and laying a good stout birch stick on the bed beside him. "If I have such a pretty daughter," said old Canute, "I must know how to take care of her."

Thor Nasset was only the son of a poor cottager, and yet folks said that it was he who went oftenest to visit the farmer's daughter at Husaby. Of course old Canute was not pleased to hear this. He said it was not true; that, at any rate, he had

never seen him there. Still they smiled, and whispered to each other that if he only had thoroughly searched the hay-loft, whither Aslang had many an errand, he would have found Thor there.

Spring came, and Aslang went up the mountain with the cattle. And now, when the heat of the day hung over the valley, the rocks rose cool and clear through the sun's misty rays, the cow-bells tinkled, the shepherd's dog barked, Aslang sang her "jodel" songs, and blew the cow-horn, all the young men felt their hearts grow sore and heavy as they gazed upon her beauty. And on the first Saturday evening one after the other they crept up the hill. But they came down again quicker than they had gone up, for at the top stood a man, who kept guard, receiving each one who came up with such a warm reception that he all his life long remembered the words that

accompanied the action : "Come up here again, and there will be still more in store for you !"

All the young fellows could arrive but at one conclusion, that there was only one man in the whole parish who had such fists, and that man was Thor Nessel. And all the rich farmers' daughters thought it was too bad that this cottager's son should stand highest in Aslang Husaby's favour.

Old Canute thought the same when he heard about it all, and said that if there were no one else who could check him he would do it himself. Now Canute was certainly getting on in years ; still, although he was past sixty, he often enjoyed a good wrestling match with his eldest son whenever time indoors fell heavy on his hands.

There was but one path up to the mountain belonging to Husaby, and it went straight through the farm garden. Next Saturday evening, as Thor was on his way to the mountain, creeping carefully across the yard, hurrying as soon as he was well past the farm buildings—a man suddenly rushed at him.

"What do you want with me ?" asked Thor, and hit him such a blow in the face that sparks danced before his eyes.

"You will soon learn that," said someone else behind him, and gave him a great blow in the back of his neck. That was Aslang's brother.

"And here's the third man," said Old Canute, and attacked him also.

The greater the danger the greater was Thor's strength. He was supple as a willow, and hit out right manfully ; he dived and he ducked ; whenever a blow fell it missed him ; and when none expected it he would deal a good one. He stooped down, he sprang on one side, but for all that he got a terrible thrashing. Old Canute said afterwards that "he had never fought with a braver fellow." They kept it up till blood began to flow, then Canute cried out : "Stop !" Then he added in a croaking tone : "If you can get up here next Saturday, in spite of Canute Husaby and his men, the girl shall be yours !"

Thor dragged himself home as best he could, and when he reached the cottage went straight to bed. There was a great deal of talk about the fight up on Husaby-hill, but everyone said, "Why did he go there ?" Only one person did not say so, and that was Aslang. She had been expecting Thor that Saturday evening, but when



"HE ROWED AWAY ROUND THE POINT."

she heard what had happened between him and her father, she sat down and cried bitterly, and said to herself, "If I may not have Thor, I shall never have a happy day again in this world."

Thor stayed in his bed all Sunday, and when Monday came he felt he must stay on where he was. Tuesday came, and it was a very lovely day. It had rained in the night; the hills looked so fresh and green, the window was open, sweet odours were wafted in, the cow-bells were tinkling on the mountain, and far up above someone was "jodling." . . . Truly, if it had not been for his mother who was sitting in the room, he could have cried. Wednesday came, and still he stayed in bed; on Thursday, though, he began to think about the possibility of being well again by Saturday, and by Friday found him on his legs again. Then he thought of what Aslang's father had said: "If you can get up to her next Saturday without being stopped by Canute and his men, the girl shall be yours." Over and over again he looked up at Husaby farm: "I shall never see another Christmas," thought Thor.

As before mentioned, there was but one path up to Husaby-hill; but surely any strong, able fellow must be able to get to it, even though the direct way were barred to him. For instance, if he were to row round the point yonder and fasten his boat at the one side, it might be possible to climb up there, although it was so very steep that the goats had great difficulty in climbing it, and they are not usually afraid of mountain work.

Saturday came, and Thor went out early in the morning. The day was most beautiful; the sun shone so brightly that the very bushes seemed alive. Up on the mountain many voices were "jodling," and there was much blowing of horns. When evening came he was sitting at his cottage door watching the steaming mist rise up on the hills. He looked upwards—all was quiet;

he looked over towards Husaby farm—and then he jumped into his boat and rowed away round the point.

Aslang sat before the hut; her day's work was done; she was thinking Thor would not come that evening, and that therefore many others might come instead, so she unfastened the dog, and, without saying anything, walked further on. She sat down so that she could see across the valley, but the mist was rising there and prevented her looking down. Then she chose another place, and without thinking more about it, sat down so that she looked towards the side where lay the fjord; it seemed to bring peace to her soul when she could gaze far away across the water.

As she sat there the fancy struck her

that she was inclined to sing, so she chose a song with "long-drawn notes," and far and wide it sounded through the mountains. She liked to hear herself sing, so she began over again when the first verse was ended. But when she had sung the second, it seemed to her as though someone answered from far down below. "Dear me, what can that be?" thought Aslang. She stepped forward to the edge, and twined her arms round a



"SHE LOOKED DOWN."

slender birch which hung trembling over the precipice, and looked down. But she could see nothing ; the fjord lay there calm and at rest ; not a single bird skimmed the water. So Aslang sat herself down again, and again she began to sing. Once more came the answering voice in the same tones and nearer than the first time. "That sound was no echo, whatever it may be." Aslang jumped to her feet and again leaned over the cliff. And there down below, at the foot of the rocky wall, she saw a boat fastened. It looked like a tiny nutshell, for it was very far down. She looked again and saw a fur cap, and under it the figure of a man, climbing up the steep and barren cliff.

"Who can it be?" Aslang asked herself ; and, letting go the birch, she stepped back. She dared not answer her own question, but well she knew who it was. She flung herself down on the greensward, seized the grass with both hands as though it were she who dared not loose her hold for fear of falling. But the grass came up by the roots ; she screamed aloud, and dug her hands deeper and deeper into the soil. She prayed to God to help him ; but then

it struck her that this feat of Thor's would be called "tempting Providence," and, therefore, he could not expect help from above.

"Only just this once!" she prayed. "Hear my prayer just this one time, and help him!" Then she threw her arms round the dog, as though it were Thor whom she was clasping, and rolled herself on the grass beside it.

The time seemed to her quite endless.

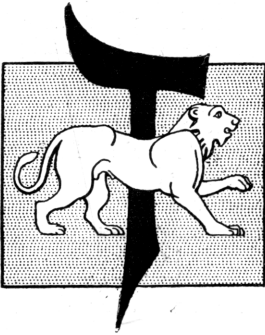
Suddenly the dog began to bark. "Bow, wow!" said he to Aslang, and jumped upon her. And again, "Wow, wow!" then over the edge of the cliff a coarse, round cap came to view, and—Thor was in her arms!

He lay there a whole minute, and neither of them was capable of uttering a syllable. And when they did begin to talk there was neither sense nor reason in anything they said.

But when old Canute Husaby heard of it he uttered a remark which had both sense and reason. Bringing his fist down on the table with a tremendous crash, "The lad deserves her," he cried ; "the girl shall be his!"



Wild Animal Training.



THE taming of large wild animals, and their training to jump through hoops and submit to similar ignominies, is a thing which everybody regards with some amount of

interest. The triumph of human skill, courage, and will over the immense, lawless brute force which lies in the muscles and sinews of half a dozen full-grown tigers and lions is a fine thing to witness, and has the fascination which all fine things have.

The Romans, among a great many other things, were great animal tamers. But animal training among them never rose to large proportions until, ripe and rotten, the Empire was nearing its fall. Then the public became luxuriously *blasé*, and no longer cared to stare all day at a constant succession of bloody combats in the arena. They were no whit less barbarous in their tastes than their fathers, but they wanted variety and new sensations. Now an old Roman Emperor was always popular so long as he gave his people good shows in the arena, and nothing disrespectful was ever said of a sovereign who provided plenty of fights, of novel features, no matter what else he might do. So that when fights, and nothing but fights, began to wax dull, the people of Rome were treated to performances of trained wild beasts, and, it would seem, to very great performances. The profession of animal tamer became a large one, and of some consideration. Horoscopes exist which were cast in the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era in which prediction is made that the "native" shall become a trainer of tigers and elephants.

The existence of tame lions and tigers was a circumstance which Roman extravagance soon took advantage of. Mark Antony rode about Rome in a chariot drawn by a pair of lions. Domitian had

a lion that accompanied the hunt, and acted as a retriever—a lion that would gambol with hares, and allow the little animals to chase it. Martial wrote a poem in praise of this gentle lion; but an ungente lion, who hadn't the same educational advantages, broke the front of the cage one day in the arena, and left the Emperor's pet dead. Berenice, Queen of Egypt, too, had a tame lion, which sat at table with her and licked her cheeks: let us hope Her Majesty liked it. But the ladies in those days preferred, as a rule, tame birds to lions; and Pliny tells us that a trained nightingale cost as much as a human slave. But when we read a little more, and find that Mucianus talks of an elephant that could write Greek, we feel a certain want of confidence in these ancients and their stories.

In our own times and in this country wild animal taming has been practised with very considerable success. In the second decade of the present century popular attention was directed to the matter by a performance of certain animals bred by one Atkins. These were hybrid cubs, the offspring of a lion and a tigress, and the exhibition of the happy family at Ducrow's

Ἐδεφάρτα
ἐκ μυίας ποιεῖν



"AN ELEPHANT THAT COULD
WRITE GREEK."

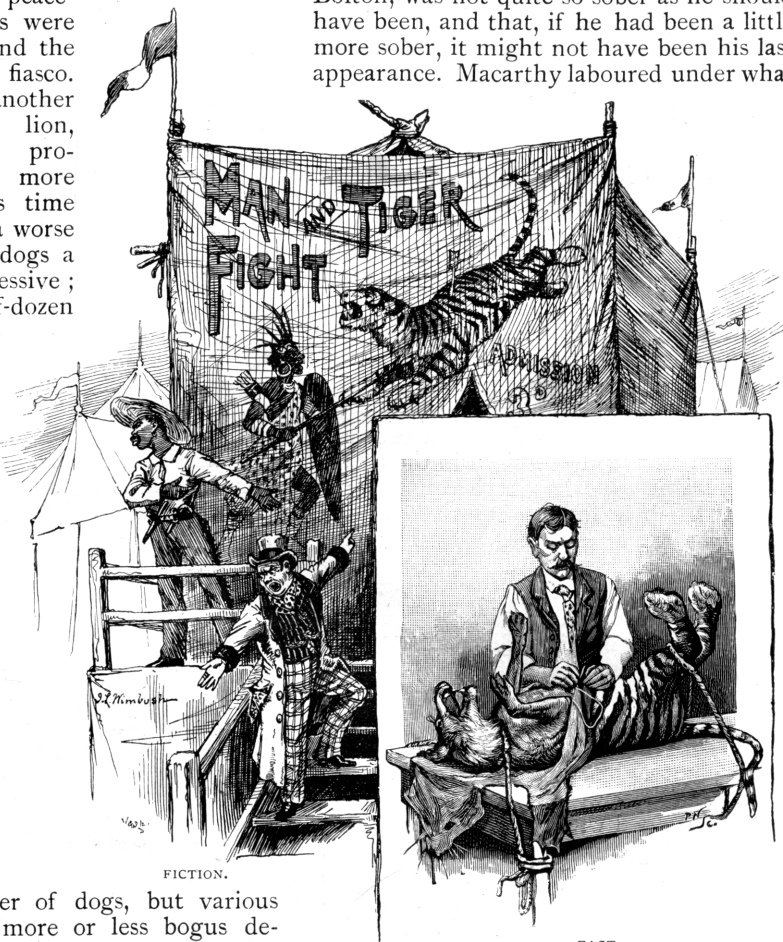
circus was a very paying novelty. The trainer would lie in the cage between the lion and the tigress, while the cubs strolled about over him, and romped among themselves. Then the man would lie on the lion and the tigress on the man.

A little after this Wombwell announced a great attraction in a dog and lion fight. Such a thing would soon be interfered with legally nowadays, but then, although it made a great stir, nobody thought it particularly barbarous. The lion "Nero" was confronted by six bull-dogs. But Nero was apathetic and peaceful, and the dogs were very frightened, and the "fight" was a fiasco. Whereupon on another evening another lion, "Wallace," was produced, with six more bull-dogs. This time the lion was in a worse temper, and the dogs a little more aggressive; soon all the half-dozen were killed or maimed, and Wallace was stalking about the cage with the last in his mouth, just as a cat carries a rat. Wombwell's trainer at this time was "Manchester Jack," a great celebrity in his way, and a man of unusual daring.

No more lion and dog fights took place after "Wallace" had made the experiment so expensive in the matter of dogs, but various "combats" of a more or less bogus description were leading features for a long time in wild animal performances. A sensational "man and tiger fight" went about the country, and drew much money at fairs until it became whispered that the "tiger" was a big dog sewn up in a false skin. "Macomo, the African Lion King" (who was really a black sailor engaged in an emergency), had a "lion-hunt" at Manders's

menagerie, in which he cheived the animals around the cage. He was a bold man, and upon one occasion entered a cage in which two large strange tigers were fighting desperately, and although himself attacked and badly wounded, succeeded in beating them into submission with his whip.

It was in imitating Macomo's "lion-hunt" that his successor at Manders's, Macarthy—an Irishman who called himself Massarti—met his death. Unfortunately, it seems only too certain that Macarthy, in this, his last appearance, which was at Bolton, was not quite so sober as he should have been, and that, if he had been a little more sober, it might not have been his last appearance. Macarthy laboured under what



FICTION.

FACT.

would seem to be the fatal disadvantage of having only one arm; nevertheless, he had great command over his animals, although there seems little doubt that fear of his violence was at the bottom of their obedience, and that they took a signal vengeance at the first opportunity. He lost his arm in a tiger's mouth, and the public be-

lieved that it was in course of his training operations. But those who were behind the scenes knew very well that when the accident occurred Macarthy had no business near the animals at all ; being, in fact, the night watchman, and having surreptitiously introduced certain friends to the cages after the show was shut.

Crockett was another famous tamer. He had been one of Sanger's bandsmen, but took to lion-taming at Astley's. One night all the lions got loose and had a glorious celebration all to themselves in the theatre, wandering over the auditorium, and breaking whatever it seemed desirable to break, beside killing an unfortunate keeper. Crockett was sent for in all haste, came, and entered the theatre armed with—a switch ! With this he coolly proceeded to drive all the animals back into their proper quarters, shut them all up, and went home again to bed without a scratch.

When the lion-king fever was at its height, it occurred to the proprietor of Hilton's menagerie that the next sensation ought to be a lion-queen, and accordingly his niece became the first. She was followed by others, but the taste for female performers received a check in 1850, when Miss Blight was killed by a tiger at Wombwell's. Nevertheless, among those whose depraved taste leads them to witness wild-beast performances merely to gloat over the tamer's danger, lion-queens have since been popular.

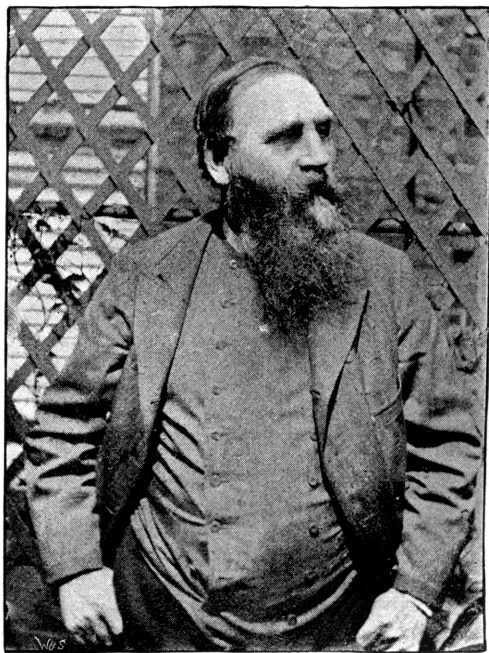
But among the famous lion-tamers of this century Van Amburgh and John Cooper hold the highest places. Van Amburgh was a Dutchman, with a fine, well-built figure, who came to London just before the beginning of the present reign. Sir Edwin Landseer (who was only Mr. Landseer at the time) painted a picture representing Van Am-

burgh in the midst of his animals, and this was exhibited at the Royal Academy. A better advertisement for the tamer could hardly be conceived, and soon Van Amburgh's performances became more fashionable than any animal performances before. The great Duke of Wellington once asked Van Amburgh if he had ever experienced a fear of his lions, to which the tamer answered that he never had, and, further, that if ever he did, or if he suspected that the animals had ceased to fear *him*, he would give up the business at once. Van Amburgh made a moderate fortune, and died peacefully in his bed, although more than one newspaper paragraph had reported his death by claws and teeth, at intervals during his professional career. But a premature obituary notice in a local paper short of copy is a sort of thing which a lion-tamer must expect now and again.

Mr. John Cooper divides with Van Amburgh the honour of king of lion-kings—indeed one would be doing little injustice to the memory of the brave Dutchman in placing Cooper alone quite at the top of the tree, the Royal Academy picture being Van Amburgh's great claim to remembrance. Mr. Cooper has not been killed by his animals, of whom he has trained his thousands, neither has he died peacefully in his

bed. He is alive and well at this moment, fifty-one years of age, although he scarcely looks it, and capable, one would imagine, of living quite fifty-one years more. We have had the advantage of some personal acquaintance with Mr. Cooper, and propose to set forth some incidents of his extraordinary career, and some of his own opinions and impressions in the matter of his profession.

He is a man of about the middle height, stout and powerful of limb, kindly and intelli-

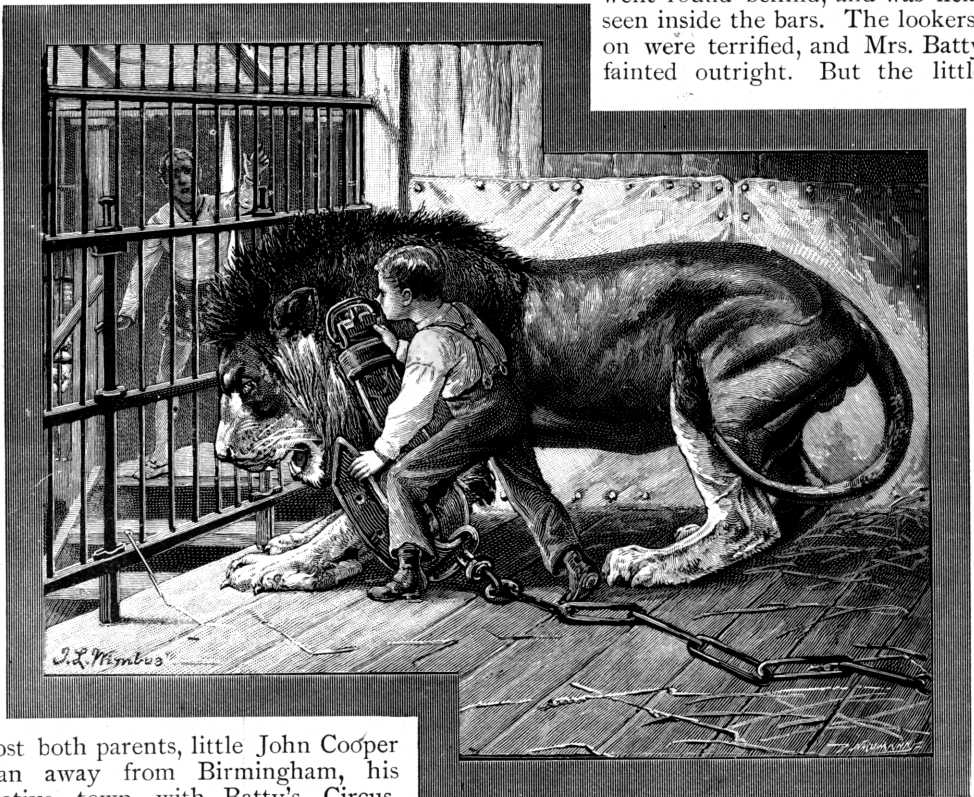


JOHN COOPER, THE LION-TAMER.

gent of face, and, it may seem strangely, remarkably gentle and quiet of manner. He loves his animals, and although he has retired upon a competence, cannot rest inactive, and still, from time to time as the inclination seizes him, goes among the tigers and lions again—for amusement.

As may be assumed in the case of any person attaining such eminence in a particular calling, Mr. Cooper has an inborn genius and aptitude for his profession. From his very birth animals have been his passion, and he was promoted from white mice and rabbits to larger game at a very early age, actually becoming a lion-tamer at twelve! At ten years of age, having

possessed an awkward piece of stock in the person of a very large and very savage lion. Nobody could approach this animal, and as he made a regular amusement of breaking through the sides and back of his cage, he was always secured by a strong collar and chain, which was let down through the roof. At Leeds, one day, he managed to get loose from this collar, and at once began high festival by breaking up first the fittings, and then the side of his residence. All the attendants stood helplessly by, unable to do anything. But young Cooper—who, of course, at his age, was never allowed in any cage, let alone this one—without a word to anybody, quietly went round behind, and was next seen inside the bars. The lookers-on were terrified, and Mrs. Batty fainted outright. But the little



"THE LITTLE BOY WALKED CALMLY UP TO THE BIG LION."

lost both parents, little John Cooper ran away from Birmingham, his native town, with Batty's Circus. Now one of the Battys was proprietor of a menagerie, and the lad's strong inclination towards everything to do with animals soon led to his being transferred to this service from the circus, and being apprenticed to the business of an animal showman.

The first occasion of the many on which he distinguished himself—after losing the top of a finger at the bars of a wolf-cage—took place when he was twelve. The show

boy calmly walked up to the big lion, and fixed on his collar again, coming out unscratched. When Mr. Batty arrived upon the scene—he had been out on business—his first impulse was to spank his apprentice for foolhardiness, and this impulse he acted upon. But, on consideration, and when it became known that the lad really could handle the animals well and fearlessly,

the proprietor's attitude changed, and at once all Batty's bills announced, in the most uproariously large letters possible, the appearance, nightly, of "John Cooper, aged 12, the youngest lion-tamer in the world."

With Batty's Mr. Cooper stayed till of age, and, after three years with Mrs. Edmonds's menagerie, began a long Continental career by accepting an offer of Herr Renz, a well-known German showman. For seventeen years he wandered about the Continent, with one menagerie and another, until he knew Europe all over as well as his native Birmingham. His reputation on the Continent was, and still is, immense—indeed, perhaps greater than that in his own country. In the first place, the best part of his professional life has been spent in Continental countries, and in the second, wild beast performances, for some unexplained reason or another, are, and always have been, more popular in those countries than in England. The English lion-tamer was everywhere treated like a prince, and in the course of his travels made the personal acquaintance of "all the crowned heads"—in a much more intimate sense than falls to the lot of most showmen. Victor Emmanuel struck up quite a personal friendship with Cooper, and the tamer always speaks of that fine old King with the very highest admiration and respect. The King was a great lover of animals, and had a very fine private collection of his own.

Cooper's animals were generally his own property, and, a fine litter of lion cubs being born while he was showing at Florence, he presented the newcomers to the King, who was delighted at the acquisition, and invited Mr. Cooper to inspect

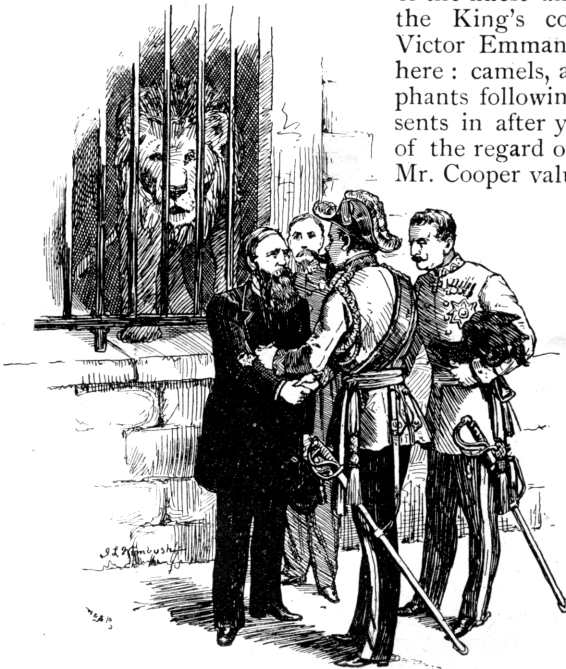
his own collection. These animals were of course in a perfectly wild state; and when the tamer expressed his willingness to go among them at once, and, if he pleased, perform with them, the King's astonishment was great. Go among them, however, Cooper did, and handled them as they had never been handled before. At the conclusion of the performance, the King shook the tamer most heartily by the hand, and having heard that he was a smoker, presented him with a handsome pipe from his own mouth. This pipe is now Mr. Cooper's most treasured possession. After this he became quite an honoured visitor at the Royal palaces.

Not long after his departure from Florence, while working northward, the tamer experienced a run of ill-luck in the loss by death, in quick succession, of several of his most valued lions, and this loss was repaired, as soon as it came to the ears of Victor Emmanuel, by a present of four of the finest and largest lions from the King's collection. Nor did Victor Emmanuel's generosity end here: camels, a bear, and two elephants following as occasional presents in after years. These proofs of the regard of *il Re Galantuomo* Mr. Cooper values higher than any

that he has received, although they are not the only Royal gifts which came to his share. Among other things, there is a very splendid gold lion in the form of a brooch, studded with diamonds, the present, accompanied by an autograph letter, of the Queen of Holland. The old German Emperor William took great personal interest in the performances at Berlin, and wit-

nessed them again and again, as also did Prince Bismarck.

At the time of the Court performances at St. Petersburg, which were especially encouraged by the present Czar, then the Czarewitch, an awkward accident occurred.



"VICTOR EMMANUEL PRESENTED HIM WITH A HANDSOME PIPE FROM HIS OWN MOUTH."

The performance had been given, and Cooper had shut the cages and retired, when an officer of high rank, a member of the suite of the Czarewitch, approached the cage, and induced the attendant—with something from his pocket—to let him slip aside the shutters. His silly vanity, however, quickly met its reward, for no sooner had he come within sufficient distance of the bars than a lioness reached forth her paw, and so mauled and tore his arm that it had to be amputated. In such a country as Russia an accident of this sort was like to prove an unpleasant thing for the innocent tamer, and, while an inquiry was being held, Cooper had to leave the province. The wounded officer, however, was so obviously to blame for his own misfortune, that the matter was soon cleared up; and a very severe Royal rebuke was administered him, after which the tamer carried on his performances as usual. The officer was some years afterwards sent to Siberia, being found to be connected with a Nihilist organisation.

In England, while performing at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Cooper became acquainted with the late Prince Imperial, who was completely fascinated by the wonderful command the tamer exhibited over animals which no other man dare approach, and who badly wanted to be allowed to enter the cage himself. "I wouldn't allow you to go into that cage, sir," said Cooper, "for all France itself!"

The lions whose claws ended the career of Macarthy at Bolton afterwards killed another trainer, named Lucas, in Paris. They had been bought by an Englishman, a banker in Madrid, who financed and ran a menagerie. Lucas was the trainer, and this unfortunate man was mauled to death while showing in Paris. It is characteristic of the man that, never having seen these dangerous animals before, Mr. John Cooper put them through a long and severe performance a day or two after Lucas's death, on the occasion of a benefit arranged for the dead man's widow and family. Cooper's opinion is that poor Lucas never had the animals fully under control—at all events never acquired that complete mastery of them which a lion-tamer must have.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Cooper has come through all these years of daily and hourly peril unscathed; and it is instructive to observe that even in so exceptional a case as his, where animals seem to have no will but that of their master, num-

berless claws and teeth have left their marks on the trainer's body from head to foot. His hands alone are an index to his profession—here a scar and there a scar, there a finger bitten short, and here a nail gone. The third finger of his left hand is shortened by half the top joint, and the nail grows, not up from the back of the finger as usual, but over the top, and, if allowed to keep growing, lengthens down in *front* of the finger, towards the palm. This mishap occurred in practice one morning in Italy, with a lion who had an especial distaste to having his mouth opened to admit the head of Mr. Cooper. The trainer took a jaw in each hand to "persuade" them open, when the lion, with no vicious intent, finding his teeth an inch or so apart, snapped them together again, with the finger between them. *Felis leo* was surprised and disgusted, perhaps pained, at the disaster, and promptly spat the finger-end out, while blood flowed freely from the shortened digit over his face till he turned his head from under it. Several medical students had been admitted to watch the practice, and they promptly cauterised the wound with a hot iron, and the day's business proceeded as usual. Cooper only mentions this incident as contradicting the notion often expressed that the taste of blood infuriates an animal and rouses his passion for more. As an accident, among so many others, it is scarcely worth speaking of—in the trainer's opinion.

His most serious mishap occurred at Brussels, while Myers's Circus was performing there. It was winter, and Cooper's lions were dying fast from the effects of the severe weather. On the day of the accident two new lions, perfectly wild, had arrived from Hamburg. Now, it was always one of Cooper's boasts that all his training went on openly before the eyes of the public, and that he could go among untrained animals equally well before the public or in private. So the new beasts were turned in among the others in the evening, and Cooper went into the cage. The theatre was full to overflowing, and the audience certainly witnessed a sensational performance. Scarcely had the tamer entered, than one of the new lions and one of the old ones began a desperate fight. Cooper took his whip and started to quell the disturbance. In striking at the old lion, however, he managed to give the new one a smart cut, and the savage beast immediately flew upon him, and, planting its claws on his left

shoulder, tore down all the flesh from the shoulder and breast. Raising his right arm to drive the lion off, the hand and arm were seized by the brute's teeth, and the bone laid bare from elbow to wrist. The other animals, as of course is their wont, were not slow to take advantage of the position of affairs, and soon the tamer's leg was bitten through and other injuries inflicted. It seems scarcely credible that during all this the man never for an instant lost his presence of mind, and, with all his fearful injuries, continued to whip the brutes into subjection, and actually succeeded in doing so, before making good his exit from the cage.

From this terrible adventure some idea may possibly be gained, not only of Cooper's extraordinary courage and coolness, but also of his immense bodily strength and vitality—lion-like in itself. All hope of saving the injured arm was at first given up—indeed, the mutilations might have killed a weaker man—but an eminent surgeon from Paris was called in, and in three months from his lively evening's work in Brussels, John Cooper was actually in the cage again, performing as well as ever. The lion which first attacked him, he is fond of relating, by way of vindication of the brute's disposition, turned out afterwards one of the most intelligent and faithful animals he had ever had to do with, if not quite the most so.

Ask Mr. Cooper to tell you all about the "taming secrets" which have been talked of from time to time, and he will smile pleasantly. The only secrets he ever had, he will say, are confidence, coolness, and common sense. Many trainers make first acquaintance with an animal by approaching it from outside the bars and feeding it. Mr. Cooper simply walks into the cage at once. Animals are of all sorts and varieties of temper and disposition, just as human beings are. As a rule, lions are more trustworthy and even-tempered than tigers,

or such things as hyenas; but then there are ill-tempered lions and good-tempered tigers. Again, every good-tempered animal has its fits of ill-temper, and the ill-tempered beasts are sometimes in a good humour. Now this, of course, makes the taming and handling of the animals a more uncertain and dangerous thing than ever, and it is here that the genius of a man like Mr. Cooper shows itself. For there is not an animal which you might put before him, whether a stranger or an old friend, that he cannot label, classify, and tell you all about at a glance. He will say at once: "This lion is a good-tempered fellow, but he is in a bad humour just for a time," or, "That tiger is a dangerous beast, but quite safe just at present." He is a sort of animal physiognomist, and knows what passes through a brute's brain almost as well as the brute itself. He seems to know what an animal will allow and what it will object to,



FIRST STEPS IN TRAINING.

by instinct. Most lions like stroking and fondling, as does an ordinary cat; but then some do not. Each animal has its natural aptitude, or the reverse, for particular tricks, and part of the trainer's art is to discover these peculiarities and keep each animal in its own "line." Going

among strange, untrained animals for the first time, Mr. Cooper, after friendly overtures, stroking, fondling, and so forth, will set them running about, leaping, and playing, as the fancy may strike them. With unfailing discrimination he thus judges each creature's proper "line," and encourages its efforts in that direction; this lion is kept going at leaping, that tiger at rearing upon its hind legs and placing its paws on the tamer's shoulders, and so forth.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, there is no shadow of doubt that the tamer who is master of his profession, rules his charge by fear, but—and this is an immense "but," worthy of very large capitals—it is not the sort of fear which is engendered by brutal whipping and driving. When a man first calmly enters a cage of wild animals they have an instinctive fear of him, and one main object of the trainer's art is to keep alive this wholesome feeling through all his dealings with them. But the influence which this fear gives him must be exercised rather through the medium of dignified threat than actual violence. A cut of the whip is a necessary thing on proper occasion, but it needs a forbearing discrimination to tell when the proper occasion arrives. The whip-cut loses its terror if it becomes an every-minute affair. Of course it must be remembered that with a wise trainer, who loves his animals, the animals soon learn to return the affection, and this gives colour to the "all done by kindness" theory. It is all done by kindness—of a wise and severe sort. For it must be remembered that with all their affection the brutes still remain dangerous and treacherous in their nature, and variable in their moods. Their love is to a large extent a love born of fear, but that there is real affection in it is doubtless. If Mr. Cooper visits a menagerie nowadays where any of his old animals are exhibited, they will crowd toward the bars of their cages with every expression of recognition and welcome.

His performances have always been of the "quiet and superior" order—really a more difficult thing than the showy, sensational, tear-and-fury sort of thing which goes down with many vulgar sightseers. It has been a maxim with trainers who favour the latter sort of performance that the man should never take his eyes from the animals, and should avoid any position but the erect, as involving an almost certain

attack, and for ordinary trainers the rule is doubtless a good one. But Cooper, in his perfect control of his charge, was able to disregard it most completely. He would lie at full length in the middle of a cage containing seven lions, and close his eyes as if asleep, whereupon his great lion "Victor Emmanuel," without any word of command, would walk up to his master, and, gently lifting his head with a paw, would lie down beneath it, so as to form a soft pillow. Cooper would then, still as if asleep, move his hand within reach of the lion's mouth, and the faithful brute would continue licking it until the tamer arose. Now this was a quiet, unostentatious performance compared with the sham "lion-hunts," and "terrible struggles with a tiger" which one is familiar with, but, as an exhibition of perfect training and confidence in its result, it beats them all.

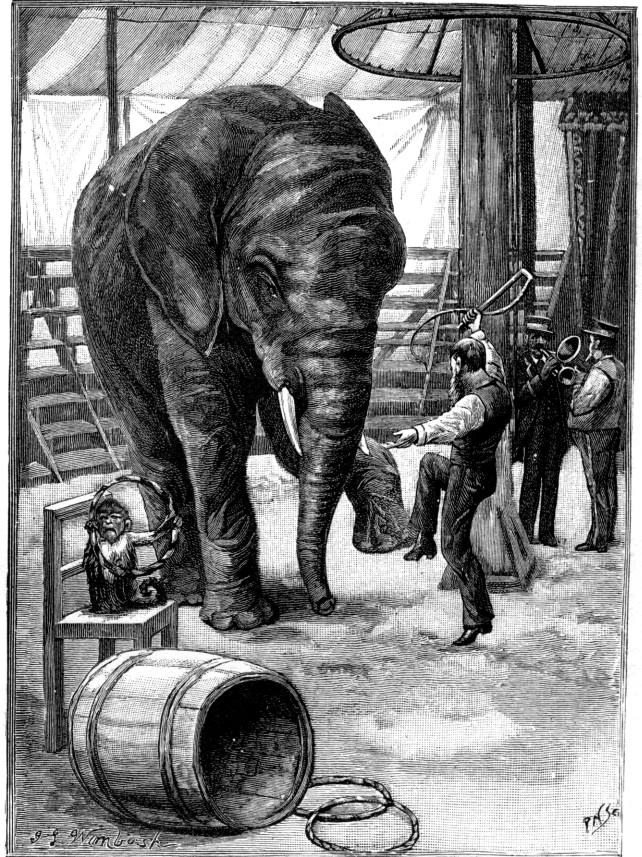
Another secret of Mr. Cooper's success is, perhaps, that he is almost a teetotaler, never drinking anything stronger than light dinner wine. He has a strong opinion, which he often expresses, that nearly all the fatal accidents to performers with wild animals have been due to intemperance, often combined with, or leading to, brutality. Again and again men have entered cages in a muddled condition, lashed about recklessly among the animals, until a slight slip or stagger has been the signal for a fearful death. The deaths of John Carter and Macarthy may not unjustly be cited as cases in point.

One thing—in itself requiring perfect sobriety—is very essential in all performances in which lions, and tigers, and leopards leap about in proximity to the tamer, and that is that the man must remain perfectly still. A movement of an inch may cause an animal to miscalculate its jump, and, brushing roughly against the tamer, knock him down. Then he is as good as done for—the whole cage full will tear him. The mere running to and fro of the great clawed beasts across the prostrate body will tear life from a man in almost no time. Cooper often taught a leopard to jump from a shelf to his head and shoulders and back again. The slightest movement or "give" to the weight of the animal would, of course, have called out the long claws to save a fall, with a result that may be easily imagined. At times, in leaping past, an animal will make a dab, half playful, half vicious, or perhaps even all

playful, with its claw at the tamer. A young lioness did this two or three years ago to Mr. Cooper, and laid his left arm bare of flesh for nearly a foot. This was after the tamer's nominal retirement, at a performance—in France—such as he gives now and again, because he likes it. It was only a single tap of this kind from a tiger which killed poor Miss Blight, at Chatham, and the wound which caused her death was only a scratch ; but that scratch was in the neck, and severed the jugular vein.

Mr. Cooper has tamed and trained not very many under two thousand animals of the feline tribe alone. In elephants his experience has been large. He was the first tamer to give a performance with a whole troop of elephants at once. Nobody had ever performed with more than two elephants before, and this event was generally considered one too many. So that when Cooper clubbed with Mr. Myers and bought six, with the intention of training them to perform altogether, other experienced tamers laughed at the idea. Nevertheless, in six weeks the performance took place with perfect success. The training of an elephant is a thing involving heavy manual labour—it is no light task to push and haul an elephant about till he dances to music or rides a tricycle. And then, although when properly used the animals become, as a rule, very tractable, it impossible to predict when an elephant may take a fit of savagery; when he does, with his enormous stamping feet, his active trunk and his sharp tusks, he is a very unpleasant companion. One of the Wombwells was killed at Coventry by an elephant's tusk, just a year before Miss Blight's death at Chatham. Mr. Cooper's favourite elephant was "Blind Billy," the largest beast ever tamed, and, though totally blind, the cleverest in the troop of eight with which, in 1876, Mr. Cooper used to perform. Billy would pick Mr. Cooper up by the waist and place him astride his forehead

and the root of his trunk ; he would also stand patiently still while his master's entire head and shoulders were inserted in his mouth, and when not busy himself was useful in keeping the others in order. The extraordinary gambols of these others—dancing on their forelegs with their hind feet in the air, walking on rolling barrels, and so forth, had to be seen to be properly appreciated. Green stuff is, of course, an elephant's chief food, and that is measured to him by the hundredweight. Still, an elephant is never



"HE DANCES TO MUSIC.

particular. In 1876, during the Crystal Palace performances, one of Mr. Cooper's grooms missed a suit of clothes, a pocketful of small change, an ounce of tobacco, and a cigar-holder. He complained of the theft, and mentioned his suspicions of more than one person. It was discovered, however, that the big elephant Betsy, rummaging about one day in search of a snack, had swallowed the lot.

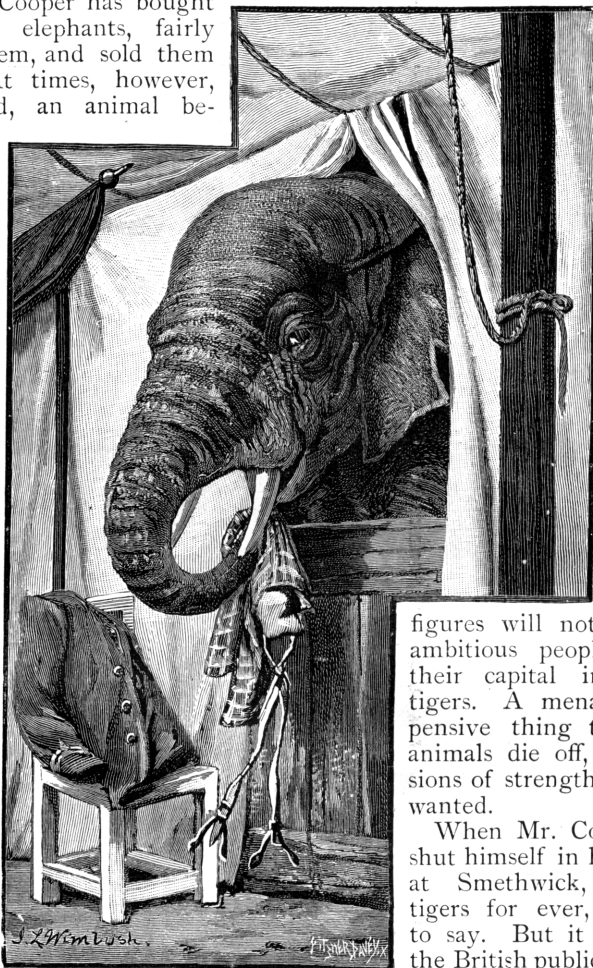
A great deal of interest is often taken by the public in the money values of wild beasts, and consequently figures are often published for the public information. But these figures never represent a fixed value. An animal may cost £100 one week and £500 the next. The reason is that they are not things for which the sale is at all regular, and a little rise in demand causes an immediate leap in prices. Of course a trained animal is much more valuable than a wild one. Mr. Cooper has bought

£800 worth of elephants, fairly young, trained them, and sold them for £12,000. At times, however, with no demand, an animal be-

comes such a "drug in the market" that, trained, it will fetch even less than the high price paid for it wild. Hagenbeck, of Hamburg, is one of the greatest dealers in wild animals, and also owns various travelling menageries. The recent show of animals at the Crystal Palace under Herr Mehrmann is his, and a very interesting show it is, although the animals are all very young. Jamrach, of London, and Cross, of Liverpool, are names familiar to everyone.

Through all his training, Mr. Cooper has never forgotten that the example of one animal is a good thing for another, and takes care that, as far as possible, his pets teach each other. It is a very usual thing to bring up a lion or tiger with a boarhound, and the affection which springs up between the pair is often marvellous. A tiger and a boarhound which Mr. Cooper possessed lived together in great amity until the

boarhound died, whereat the tiger moped and was inconsolable. Another boarhound was not procurable at the moment, so a great sheep dog was found and placed in an adjoining cage, with bars between, for a day or two. The tiger took no notice. But when, by way of carrying the acquaintanceship a little further, the bars were withdrawn, the bereaved tiger sprang forward and killed the new dog with a blow of his paw.



"BETSY SWALLOWED THE LOT."

Mr. Cooper has been "retiring" since 1883, but hasn't quite succeeded in tearing himself away from the animals yet. With his own beasts he never performed for less than £50 a week, his usual fee being much higher, £50 and more a night often being paid him for starring engagements. But Mr. Cooper is a man of a thousand, and we trust that the printing of these

figures will not persuade many ambitious people to invest all their capital in elephants and tigers. A menagerie is an expensive thing to keep up, the animals die off, and fresh accessions of strength are always being wanted.

When Mr. Cooper will finally shut himself in his pleasant house at Smethwick, and leave his tigers for ever, it is impossible to say. But it will be long ere the British public will have the opportunity of seeing such another master of the brute creation.

Even Mr. Cooper, however, has his weak points, and there is one animal which he has never tamed, or attempted to tame, common as the experiment is. Mr. Cooper has never been married.

Lion and tiger taming is not always so difficult a thing now as it was in Mr. Cooper's earlier days, and in those of Van

Amburgh, John Carter, and Macomo. The animals are often bred from those already in captivity, and what with this and the continual breeding in and in of tame stock, they are almost born tame, besides which the training begins in the cub-period. Indeed, many widely advertised shows are

now entirely carried through with very young animals. Still the game is often risky enough, and new, large animals are being continually imported. Let us trust that no unfortunate John Carter or Ellen Blight is marked in the book of destiny to die under their claws.



The Last Touches.

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD, *Author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime."*

I.



WITHOUT doubt Henry Carbouche was the greatest painter in France. He had done his best to convince the world of this, and the world had responded by trying to prove its conviction. A few inches of canvas that he had covered with paint were worth thousands. Sovereigns thought it a privilege to inspect his studio, decorations were offered him, but he cynically refused them, even though he was a Frenchman. Biographical writers pined for details of his life, but he supplied none. No one knew who he was, or where he had studied, or what had been his history. His pictures were famous, but it seemed as if his fame had had no beginning; it had arrived suddenly at its height. One year no one had known his work, the next it was spoken of almost as a national possession; it had been considered one ever since. But he himself was hardly known, even by sight. He had no friends, no particular haunts, nothing that made him intimate with his fellow men, no one visited him except on business, and then the interviews were short, and to the point. It had happened of late years that he had been tempted now and then by some almost fabulous sum to paint a portrait. But his sitters knew him little better than the rest of the world, and could give but few details concerning him; for, while he painted, he was silent and formal, and all attempts to draw him into conversation failed utterly. The bow with which he wished his sitter adieu for the last time was as distant as the one which he had received him with; for he had never painted a woman. He was no longer young, fifty, more or less; he gave

no clue to his age, but he was getting grey, and the lines on his face were many and deep. His expression was grave and stern, his bearing was almost distinguished. He appeared to take some interest in his work, but he was never eager about it. His pictures seemed to be things apart from him, to come into being as though some unseen power other than the man who held the brush inspired them. Besides his work, he took an interest in his investments, but that interest also seemed half curiosity; he shrugged his shoulders as he counted his thousands, and, putting away the record of his wealth in an iron safe, turned to his work again.

Through the winter he stayed in Paris in his house near the Parc Monceau. In the early summer he disappeared, and the only clue to his wandering was afforded, later on, perhaps by some picture he exhibited. His house was a splendid one. Its appointments were perfect; he looked at them with cold criticism, but that was all. The names of his servants he hardly remembered; but he turned on them fiercely if they neglected their duties. His food, the food he ate, was the simplest, yet he stormed if the table



"THE BOW WITH WHICH HE WISHED HIS SITTER ADIEU."

were meagre. His studio was the one bare, undecorated room in the house; it was absolutely destitute of all the luxuries that painters of these days affect. There were a couple of easy-chairs, and a table near the fire-place—a great open fire-place on which he burnt huge logs of wood; for the rest, there were the actual necessities to his work, but that was all. He spent most of his time in the studio; he worked there, and sat there, day in, day out, save when he went for his two hours' drive, or took his way to the gorgeous *salle à manger* to eat his solitary meals. It was in the studio that his pictures were sold to eager buyers, who thought it an honour to stand in his presence. The other rooms of the house were always empty, waiting, it seemed, to form a setting to a life that refused to be lived, or belonging to a story that never was told, and that day by day slipped back farther and farther into the past.

There were many anecdotes told of Carbouche, all of them turning on a certain savagery that seemed to be in him; as when he had painted the portrait of Alphonse Buboïs, the millionaire, and had brought out the sinister expression on his face with a malignity that was almost startling. Or when his famous picture of the forest of St. Germain en Laye had suggested to everyone that its beauty was over rated—its terrace walk a long, straight road, its famous view merely an effect of distance and winding river that was, after all, well known in other views; even the dim city in the distance, with the thousands of human histories gathered together in the far-off mists, seemed to have some false quality in its poetry. "And, oh, that forest," said an English girl, who stood before the picture in its place of honour in the *salon*, "I felt once as I walked down the terrace, and looked into the trim depths, that it was artificial. Now I know that it is. I believe that every tree was reared in a square box painted green, and let into the ground beneath, like a theatre growth. Perhaps even the squirrels are shams, and their bushy tails were bought at the furrier's and sewn on to make believe."

"Ah, Carbouche is a great painter," said her companion, as they passed on; "but he always brings out the cynical side of the world, and the worst aspect of nature."

II.

CARBOUCHE had returned to Paris. The logs were piled on the studio fire, for the room was chilly after its long spell of emptiness. In the painter's life there was little warmth, little of anything but work and silence, and his surroundings seemed to express the condition of his soul. He strode up and down, looking at his easel, and the little, old-fashioned bureau for colours beside it. On a shelf to its left there were some brushes and a palette. Against the wall were one or two sketches, but they were slight and unfinished, for there was never any work of Carbouche's unsold, if money could buy it. The only other canvas in the room rested on the floor, with its face to the wall, half-hidden by an old worn portfolio. No one save Carbouche knew what was painted on it, and he had avoided looking at it for years, with a carefulness that was half-scorn, half-superstition. Before the blazing fire were the two easy-chairs, and on the little table between them an open box of cigarettes. Carbouche sat down, and, lighting a cigarette, smoked vigorously until the end was thrown among the blazing logs.

There was a faint rumbling in the distance. It came nearer, it entered the gateway, and he knew by the grinding sound peculiar to the turning of a carriage on gravel that a visitor had arrived. He waited half resentfully, impatient at the prospect of being disturbed.

The servant entered with a card, "Milor," and he hesitated. Carbouche took the card, and said slowly, as if he, too, found the name difficult.

"The Earl of Harlekston. Ah, one mo-



"CARBOUCHE SAT DOWN."

ment, Auguste, I have forgotten." He sorted a note from a dozen on the mantelpiece, and read it. "Ask milor if he will enter." A minute later there appeared a middle-aged, well-groomed Englishman.

"Good morning, monsieur," the painter said stiffly. "I regret that you should have had the trouble of coming. I only returned last night, and found your note."

"I did not expect an answer," Lord Harlekston said in excellent French. Carbouche, of course, could speak no other tongue.

"But I regret to have caused you a fruitless journey."

"I am delighted to have made it. It is, if you will allow me to say so, a great privilege to have entered your studio."

"I am flattered," the painter said, coldly, "but I apologise again for the unanswered note."

"It is very good of you to apologise, but——"

"And I regret exceedingly——," Carbouche began again.

"Will you allow me to sit down?" the Englishman asked, and went towards one of the chairs.

"Certainly, monsieur;" but it was said half unwillingly. Lord Harlekston looked round the studio again, then at the artist, who had seated himself, facing his visitor.

"I see you affect the severities of life rather than the frivolities," the latter went on; "it is quite a relief. One can breathe in your studio. London ones choke you; they are so full of gimcracks." Carbouche bowed; he evidently wished to convey that it would be well to come to the point. Lord Harlekston took the hint. "I told you in my note that my wife wished to be painted by you, M. Carbouche."

"I am much honoured by the desire of Madame la Comtesse, and regret that I am not a portrait painter."

"She would think it an honour to sit to you," Lord Harlekston said courteously.

"I regret much that I am not a portrait painter," Carbouche repeated distantly.

"But," said Lord Harlekston hesitatingly, "I think I have seen one or two portraits that you have painted."

"That is possible; but they have been very few, and for each one there have been reasons."

"Would it not be possible to make a reason in this case?"

"I have never painted a woman, monsieur. I do not wish to paint one, much as I am flattered at your desire that I should begin with madame."

Lord Harlekston was evidently a diplomat. "You increase my desire by that remark," he said suavely. "Is it not possible to persuade you? One feels a hesitation in speaking of money in connection with work like yours. Its value, I know, is immense."

"It is immense, monsieur," the

painter said grimly, and turned towards the fire.

"Which again increases my desire."

"I would not paint a woman under——" and he named an enormous sum, "and then I should prefer not to do it," and he looked into the fire almost savagely.

"I should be delighted to pay that sum, and most grateful to you besides."

"I am very busy, and I never did a portrait that took much time—three or four sittings at most."

"That would be fortunate, since our stay in Paris is very short."

"I would not give much time to a face that is, after all, of no interest to the world," the painter went on. "I do



"GOOD MORNING, MONSIEUR."

not mean this as any lack of compliment to Madame la Comtesse," he added. "But you will understand, monsieur, that the face of a woman, even if it is beautiful—and no doubt madame's is beautiful—is not so interesting as a man's face. Of course, I would not say this before the other sex; but we are alone, and can speak without reserve."

"I perfectly understand," Lord Harlekston said, "I am going to the Pyrenees next Thursday for a fortnight. Would it be possible while I am away?"

"I am very busy," Carbouche persisted.

"Of course, we are only talking of a head; but even a sketch we should feel to be a great possession."

Carbouche looked at the fire, and hated the woman already. Still, deep in his soul there lurked a love of money, and the sum he had mentioned was a fabulous one for a portrait. No man in Europe but himself would have dared to ask it. He felt a triumph in remembering this, just as he felt a dogged triumph in adding to his wealth; it gave him a sense of defiance towards the world, of having conquered it, and put it under his feet—that insolent world that in the beginning had given him nothing, had made him suffer and feel keenly that he was nobody, that he had not even money to study as he had wished, that he had only, and that in secret, a sense of power, a knowledge that the time would come that was now here. Yes, it was now here, but he knew that on its way it had stripped itself of all the gifts fate usually made to other men. After all, what had he in life? His fame did not sweeten a single moment to any other person on earth. His great house was worse than a tomb; it would never hold any dead, save, perhaps, his own lonely body. His money had served him nothing except to strengthen his feeling of defiance, and loneliness, and hatred towards the world. And yet he thought scornfully he would leave the world richer than he had found it, possessed of things in which it took a pride, but each one would be a sign of his power, his greatness, his scorn. He was perfectly aware of what the world would owe him, the world that once had grudged him all things. But this woman, what had he to do with women that he should paint her portrait? With almost a start he turned to his visitor, who had been watching him curiously.

"Monsieur," he said, "I am not very gallant but I would prefer to keep to the

work I have already arranged. I am, as I said before, much flattered that an English lady should desire to have a picture of herself at my hands; still, if I did a portrait at all, it would, perhaps, be only just that I should paint one of my own country-women."

"Then, let me give you the chance of paying a double compliment; for my wife is half French."

"Ah, madame is half French?"

"Her father was English, but her mother was French."

"It was so?" the painter repeated oddly, and he looked up as if an impossible idea were dawning upon him.

"When she was a girl, she lived at St. Germain en Laye, until she went to her father's people in England. They sent for her when she was nineteen or twenty."

"Ah, yes. I remember them sending for mademoiselle," Carbouche said. An expression of satisfaction broke over the Englishman's face.

"Now you understand, I see," he said, "my wife told me, if all other arguments failed, that I was to urge that you and she were old friends."

"Madame la Comtesse has an excellent memory," the painter said cynically, "it matches the other qualities I remember in mademoiselle."

"You were in the same pension?" Lord Harlekston said.

"I was staying with M. and Madame Carton at the Pavillon Rouge. I was young, monsieur, and venerated an old soldier above all things. Monsieur Carton was one; but he had belonged to the old order of things, and despised the new one. He had left Paris, and he and Madame lived quietly at the Pavillon Rouge on such money as they had saved or could gather in giving instruction. Monsieur taught some of the youths in the town, and madame received one or two pupils into her family. That was how I knew mademoiselle; she was staying there with her mother, Madame Brooke."

"I wonder you did not paint her then, she was very beautiful."

For a moment the expression on Carbouche's face softened as he answered: "Yes, she was very beautiful."

"But probably you were studying at one of the schools in Paris; I never heard who had the honour of being your master."

"I never owned one, monsieur, and belong to no school. If there is fire in oneself, one

can nourish it, and make it strong. If one's eye is not true, and one's hand is not docile, if one does not see the outward expression, and understand the soul that is beneath, then one had better give up the endeavour to give the world that which has not been created for it by someone else."

"But all men have studied in some school."

"All, with exceptions, monsieur."

"My wife tells me that you and she had many talks together."

"Madame is most kind to remember ;" the painter's voice was cynical again ; "for in those days I was nobody, and had nothing save ambitions." He was silent for a moment, and looked into the fire. "It was a pleasant *ménage*," he went on, as if he were talking to himself ; "M. and Madame Carton, Madame Brooke and mademoiselle, one or two others, and myself who had been received because my father had also been a soldier, and was known to M. Carton."

"Was the Pavillon Rouge near the Château?" Lord Harlekston asked, remembering Carbouche's picture.

"Ah no, monsieur, it was half an hour from the Château, outside St. Germain altogether, on the road to the forest of Marly. But I am keeping you, monsieur. These recollections are after all of little interest. Express my compliments to madame."

"But the portrait, M. Carbouche?"

"I do not understand why madame should wish to sit to me; we have not met since she left St. Germain."

"She does wish it, and she hoped that you would consent for the sake of your old acquaintance, which it has always been a great pleasure to her to remember."

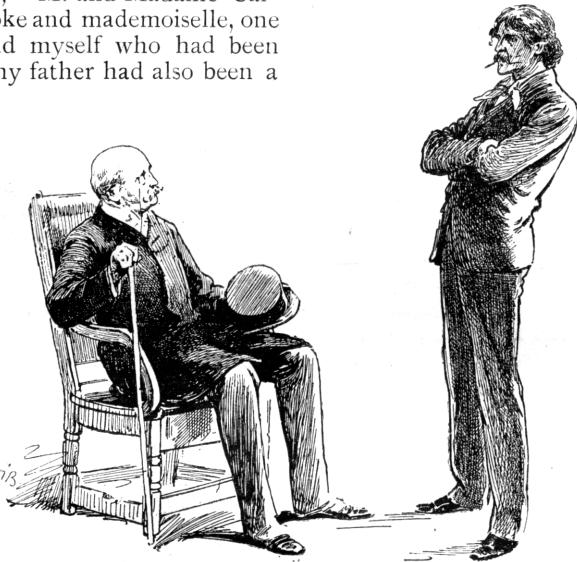
Carbouche frowned, and was silent for a moment, then suddenly he looked up.

"Monsieur," he said, "I should think it a pleasure to paint a portrait of Madame la Comtesse."

III.

THE logs were piled on the studio fire again. The light was carefully arranged. On the easel was a small canvas, large enough perhaps for a head and shoulders, but no more. On a slightly raised platform was a chair. Carbouche was awaiting his sitter ; and walked up and down expecting to hear again the sound that had disturbed him three mornings ago. "Madame la Comtesse," he said to himself ; "Madeline e-egh," and an ugly sound came from his lips, but it was an expression of pain. "Perhaps she wears the grey squirrel round her throat still. It must be a different throat from that of three and twenty years ago. Mon Dieu, but if things

had come at the other end of life instead of at this" —he stopped before the portfolio in the corner, and pulled out the canvas from behind it. It represented some chestnut trees in a forest, and a youth who was trying to see the face of a girl, but she had turned away from him. "I wish I had seen her eyes then, I should have known," he said. In a corner was written "Marly, 18—." He put the picture back with a sigh, and paced



"MADAME IS MOST KIND TO REMEMBER."

up and down again. Then the door opened, and a tall, graceful woman entered. Carbouche bowed formally, his face grew hard, but he looked curiously at his visitor, trying to see her features through the lace veil that covered them.

"How do you do, M. Carbouche? It is indeed a pleasure to see you again." Her voice was low and sweet, and his heart stirred to it, but he set his teeth together and answered stiffly—

"Bon jour, madame ; I am to have the honour of painting your portrait."

"It is too good of you to consent," she said, and came a step forward. He listened

with an odd gratitude at the rustle of her dress. Then he answered—

"To paint is my business in life, madame." There was standing behind Lady Harlekston a trim-looking lady's maid; Carbouche looked at her inquiringly.

"It is only my maid, Susette," Lady Harlekston explained; "she will arrange me," and then she looked at Carbouche's face. "It is strange to meet you again; I have often wished——"

"We will begin your portrait, madame, at once if you will make yourself ready."

"Ah, yes, we must not waste your time; it is too precious. Susette," she unhooked her cloak, and the maid took it. With almost hungry eyes the painter watched her. The figure beneath the cloak was slim enough, though naturally in three and

make a substitute as best one can." She turned towards him a little reluctantly.

"I am changed," she said, with something that was almost pathetic in her voice, and a smile that asked him to contradict her, but he answered with extreme gravity.

"Naturally, madame, we are both changed—you are Madame la Comtesse, and I am an old man."

"Ah no, not old, monsieur," she said with a smile that was meant to be winning; a little dislike shot through him. Suddenly he saw her face, and something that was almost hatred took possession of him. The eyes that looked up at him were not as blue as formerly, and they had lost their look of trustfulness. Her eyebrows were fine and arched and darker than her hair. Lady Harlekston was not the daughter of a



"IT IS STRANGE TO MEET YOU AGAIN."

twenty years it had lost its girlishness. He had seen, too, the moment she entered, that the freedom of movement of old days had developed into a womanly ease that had with it especially an air of distinction. Then the maid undid her veil, which had been fastened by a little tortoise-shell arrow, and Carbouche saw in a moment, with his keen quick eyes that took in every detail and refused him any illusions, that, though her hair was golden, still its colouring was harsher than formerly. "Ah," he thought, "there had been many winters since the summer end in which we said 'Good-bye'; and, when the sunshine goes, one has to

Frenchwoman for nothing, and knew well, as years advanced, how to offer nature the little attentions of art. There was a flush upon her cheek; he remembered the flush of old, and knit his brows when he saw the one that was there now. And her lips had lost their moulding and their colour, her chin had taken to itself a little firmness, and about her face were lines that nothing would ever smooth away save death, which often, when it gathers in the years to itself, gathers in their footprints too, and leaves the face smooth as if the traveller, having reached the end of his circle, had met his youth again. There was no disguising it,

on the face of Lady Harlekston and in her whole bearing, handsome and fashionable woman though she was counted, there was something artificial and worldly. Carbouche saw it, and forgave her nothing.

"And now, Susette, you may go; the sitting was to be two hours, was it not, monsieur? At one o'clock you can return; bring the carriage, for I shall be tired."

"Your maid can wait if you prefer it, madame. There is a chair by the fire."

"Ah no; she has some shopping to do. Besides, we are old friends, monsieur." There was something very French in her manner, even he recognised it. "And I want—I want," she lingered over the words until the door was shut behind the maid, "to have some talk, it would be impossible before a maid." Carbouche shrank back.

"Pardon, madame," he said, as he motioned her to the chair on the platform and looked for his charcoal stick; "but I have not the honour of being an old friend; it is not ten minutes since you arrived."

"I was thinking of years ago," she said in her low voice.

"The years ago have no more concern with us, madame, than the dead who lie in their graves. To-day we have to think of your portrait. Will you have the goodness to turn a little more to the light?" and he stepped back to look at her pose.

"Am I very much changed?" she asked sadly. "Time is an envious thing, madame, and takes something from us all," Carbouche said as he began to draw on his canvas, "it is seldom so self-denying as to take least from the beautiful." She made a little grimace that had been studied, and it had its effect upon him accordingly. For a few minutes neither of

them spoke. "You were surprised when you heard who your sitter was to be Hen—M. Carbouche?" she corrected herself almost elaborately, and watched the effect of her seemingly careless slip upon him. His manner was colder and still more formal than before, and he answered—

"There are many unexpected things in life, Madame la Comtesse; but as one grows old one is seldom much surprised," and again there was a silence.

"You find it difficult to talk while you paint?" she asked.

"As a rule I prefer to be silent, madame."

"I long so much to hear about yourself."

"I am flattered at madame's longing," he said coldly.

"I have watched your career with much interest."

"I am honoured at madame's interest," and he went on with his work. Lady Harlekston was baffled. When he looked up at her there was no expression on his face except one of desire to accomplish accurately the portrait on which he was engaged. Evidently he worked with extraordinary quickness and decision. An hour passed, a good deal of progress had been made with the portrait, but the painter and his sitter were precisely on the terms they had been the moment after her arrival.

Presently she made a bold venture. "Have you been to St. Germain lately?" she asked suddenly.

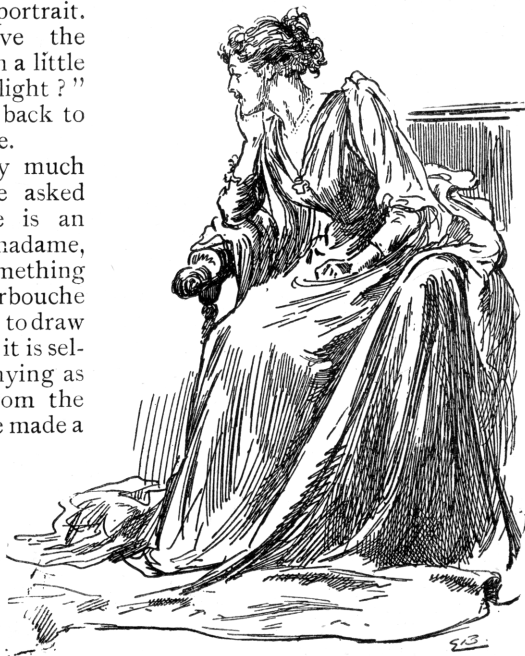
"No, madame."

"It is a dear place," she said, "I long to see it again."

"That would not be difficult," he answered absently, as if his whole attention were given to his work. "It is not an hour from Paris, and the trains are frequent."

"It is full of memories, it would only make me sad," she said with a sigh, but he was silent. "It is a beautiful place," she added.

"It is not beautiful now, madame," he said grimly; "it is winter,



"I WAS THINKING OF YEARS AGO."

and the leaves have fallen — St. Germain depends on its leaves ; when they are gone, it is bare and ugly, its beauty is like that of a woman. As a rule a woman has little that is beautiful beneath her looks ; when the summer goes St. Germain has nothing beneath its leaves."

"Youth and summer are not everything," she said almost piteously.

"Ah, no," he answered, "sometimes wisdom and knowledge come with age, and in winter there is time for reflection." Another silence. Carbouche went on with the portrait. Keenly and quickly he looked at her ; surely and unhesitatingly his brush went to the canvas. The sitting was nearly at an end.

"Monsieur," she said softly, "I think you are very hard."

"Perhaps," and he shrugged his shoulders ; "but one cannot help one's nature, it is one's misfortune or the reverse."

"I think," she went on reflectively, "it is a little inevitable—it is one of the qualities of genius, so many precious things are hard ; the diamond is hardest of all," she added plaintively.

"Madame is most ingenious, she would make one feel flattered even at the possession of one's defects," but there was no yielding in his voice. She was silent for a few minutes, he lifted his brush and pulled his thumb out of the palette. The sitting was over ; he looked at her curiously and then at his work. The carriage drove up in front of the house. With almost a gasp she asked—

"Do you never forgive ?" He looked at her straightly.

"Forgive ? Oh yes, we all do that sometimes."

"And does forgiveness make no difference ?" she asked.

"I should perhaps forgive a burglar who broke in and stole," he answered ; "but afterwards I should bar the door, knowing the manner of person who was possibly without."

"I want to speak of the past," she said, and put out her hands, then drew them back quickly.

"But this is my studio in Paris, madame. I have the honour to be painting your portrait, and, if you will have the goodness, we will confine our conversation to the things that concern it. Ah, here is your maid and your cloak ; I compliment you on its

colour, it would be good to paint. On Thursday, then, at eleven, and with two more sittings, if we are diligent, the portrait will be finished. I wish Madame la Comtesse good day."

IV.

LADY HARLEKSTON was sitting for the last time. The portrait was nearly finished. As a painting it was perfect, as a work of art—was it not Carbouche's ? But it was as accurate and as merciless as a looking-glass. The face of the woman on the canvas was the face of the woman who sat, nothing was softened. The hair had that harshness dye gives it ; the colour on the cheeks was the tint of that which had replaced the natural one on the original. Every line that time had set on her was reproduced, every year that she had lived could be counted ; nay, it seemed as if every day and night of them had been in the painter's mind while he worked. She was in despair. That to go forth as her portrait painted by the immortal Carbouche ! That artificial, made-up-looking face of who shall say how many years and forty to be known to the world as hers ; it would be a shame and reproach even to her descendants ! Once or twice she tried to remonstrate, but words had no effect on him ; he was amenable to no hints. Nothing deceived him, no half turning from the light availed, no wile for a single second served its purpose. His eye as it fell upon her seemed to see her through and through, till her cheeks burned and her throat trembled ; and his brush unerringly went to the canvas, and without pity or scruple set down what he had seen.

"Will it be finished to-day ?" she asked chokingly.

"It is nearly finished now, madame."

"And is that colour really mine ?"

He looked up at her in surprise. "But certainly, madame."

"You have put in all my wrinkles," she said gently.

"I regret, but cannot help them. The years do not like to be forgotten, they set a mark on us as they go by ; and it was madame's portrait that I was asked to paint."

"You might have left out a few," she said ; "a woman has her vanities."

"I might have left out one eye, madame, but then it would not have been a portrait."

"It makes me sad to see them," she said, "they remind me—they are like the beads

we tell beside the dead, one for every year, and hope, and joy that is gone."

"Madame is poetic," and he touched the throat of the portrait with his brush. She pulled up the lace about her own throat a little higher. He saw it, and took away some of the fairness from the one he had painted. "It is too white," he whispered, and she writhed. Slowly she rose, and going to her cloak felt in its pocket.

"Monsieur," she asked, "is it too late to paint this collar round my throat? It is grey squirrel, and I have possessed it many years." His eye fell on it, and with a little start he turned away.

"It is too late," he answered firmly, and deepened the line about the mouth.

"You work so quickly," she pleaded; "paint it in, monsieur. You have been hard to me." The last words were almost whispered. "But now this last sitting you will be a little gentle: we shall never meet again," she added sadly in a voice that sounded prophetic.

"There is no time;" but he seemed wavering.

"But the portrait is nearly done," she said; "see, I will fasten the collar here," and she put it round part of the ornamentation on the back of the chair on which she had been sitting. "Try and paint it, monsieur, while I rest a little, for I am tired and cold." She seemed weary. There was something pathetic in her demeanour as she went slowly towards one of the chairs by the little table. Perhaps it softened him, for he began to paint in the grey squirrel. A long silence. Once his eyes wandered to her as she sat over

the fire, her face turned from him, but her beautiful figure thrown into relief by the blaze from the logs. Presently she got up, and walked round the studio, and again he listened gratefully to the rustle of her dress, it was so unusual a sound in that room.

"Monsieur," she said, "there is a canvas behind the portfolio in this corner. It has its face turned towards the wall, but if there is a picture on it, may I see it?"

"If I wished it seen, its face would not be towards the wall; therefore, madame must excuse it." She moved away, and stood by his side, the left side, close to the hand that held the palette. He went on with his work almost as if he did not know she was there. The grey collar was nearly finished; but he lingered over the picture, touching it here and there, with a little stroke, almost as if he were dreaming. He brushed away a wrinkle that showed in the throat above the fur. She went a little closer.

"Henri," she said, softly, "the chestnuts



"SHE STOOD BY HIS SIDE."

are falling in the forest of Marly ;" the brush nearly fell from his hand.

"Yes," he answered ; "they are falling, and the leaves lie dead, as all things lie dead sooner or later." His voice had lost its harshness.

"The summer is over, but it is not winter yet, and all things are not dead. Ah ! go on, I like to watch you. The little grey squirrel makes me think——"

"Why did you keep it ?" he asked, through his teeth.

"To remember — though it was not possible to forget," she answered. "Give it to me ; let me put it round my throat."

"Madame will be seated again," he said, trying to fall back into his most formal manner.

"No, let me stand here, you have so nearly finished, and do not want me to sit again ? Thank you, monsieur," and she put the collar round her throat. "I love it," she whispered. "No, don't stop," she went on, hurriedly, "and don't look at me, there is no necessity, you do not forget my face."

"No, I do not forget," he answered, with his eyes on the picture.

"Surely that chin is a little heavy above the collar. Nay, feel it—yes—yes, just this once." She rested her face on his sleeve for a moment, and softly pulled his right hand towards the palette, and then the left one towards her chin. "The touch of the fur, does it make you remember ?" she asked, as she raised her head.

"I have never forgotten," he answered, with a little break in his voice ; and the chin on the canvas grew round again, and the lines about it were smoothed away.

She spoke again, hardly above her breath—

"I so often think of the forest," she said, "and the path towards where the fountains had been : we played our little play——"

"It was only a play," he half turned his head towards her ; but softly she put up her hand, and pushed it from her.

"No," she said, "think of the girl who was, Henri," her voice was almost tragic in its sweetness ; "and of how she and you pretended they were back in the days of the Queen. You were walking with me *en polisson*, and I was a Court lady in the *habit de Marly*."

"It was only a play," he repeated.

"It was much more to me," she answered. "You said once when the wind blew among

my hair that it was like the marriage of the sunshine and the wind. Take away the smoothness there" (she nodded at the picture), "and put in a suggestion of the wind, so that I may remember."

"It is all too late," he said bitterly, as he took up some colour from his palette of a brighter hue than he had already used, and worked it into the hair. "It was like gold," he said to himself. She was almost bitter when she spoke again.

"I can see your face as if it were yesterday, but you have forgotten." The reproach seemed to sting him.

"Never." It was like a cry of pain. She gave a long sigh and went on—

"I think of your eyes sometimes, as they looked down at me. Have you forgotten mine ?"

"I never forgot, Madeline," he exclaimed, and turned towards her again ; but again she put up her hand, and kept his face from her.

"No, no," she said ; "go on, and don't look at me, or think of me, as I am now. Think of me as I was then, and stood beneath the chestnuts, and felt the colour come to my face ; surely it was not like that you have put on my face there. You said—but I am afraid to think of your words" (and there was a quiver in her voice) ; "I have so often wondered if they were true."

"They were all true," and he touched the cheeks of the portrait.

"You said that you loved me."

"I did tell you I loved you, Madeline."

"But you forgot soon—you have loved other women since, and said the same words to them !"

"I have said them to no other woman. I have been dumb, and lived remembering," and still, without knowing it, his brush wandered over the canvas, till the blue had come into the eyes again, and the gold to the hair, and the softness of youth to the skin, till the face of the made-up, middle-aged woman had gone, and in its stead remained the beautiful one of twenty years before. And a smile broke over the stern face as he watched lovingly the effect of every touch his brush made. "I loved you," he repeated simply, "and have lived alone for your sake." Then suddenly he put down the brush, and turned quickly. She bent her head so that he should not see her face, but he stooped till his lips for a minute touched the grey fur about her throat. There was a sound of wheels beneath ; the carriage had come for her,

"Tell me you loved me," he said; "that you, too, meant your words." She put her hands over her face, and uneasily he saw the diamonds on her fingers. The door opened, and with a start they drew back.

"Madame," said Susette, entering hurriedly, "milor has returned suddenly. Important business takes him to England; we leave Paris in two hours' time. The portrait is to go finished or unfinished."

"Ah! take it, Susette, but carry it carefully, for it is not yet dry," Lady Harlekston said impetuously.

"And here is a letter for milady; milord told me to ask you to open it immediately."

"Yes, yes; but take the portrait, Susette. Let it go," she whispered to Carbouche, who stepped forward as Susette went towards the easel.

"But I must touch it," he said, bewildered.

"Ah! no, no," she whispered again. "Let it go. Carry it carefully, Susette, and rest it against the back seat. You need not return. I will descend in a moment."

As Susette vanished, Lady Harlekston opened the letter from her husband. There was an envelope enclosed. She looked at

the address, and hurriedly put on her cloak.

"But now, Madeline, tell me—tell me," Carbouche said, eagerly.

She looked up; he saw her face, and started back with dismay.

"Ah! monsieur," she said politely, "this letter is for you. And now——"

She went two steps towards the door.

"But tell me," he said, with a gasp; "in this last moment, before you go, tell me, did you mean——"

A mocking laugh came from her lips.

"Oh! monsieur," she said. "But the portrait is finished, and it is charming. Adieu! A million thanks," and she swept from the room.

"Madeline!" he exclaimed, petrified; but she was already descending the stairs.

"Adieu!" she laughed up at him. "The portrait is finished, and the last touches were perfect. That is all I wanted."

He drew back, and stood looking at the empty easel, bewildered. There was a grating sound on the gravel. She had gone. Mechanically he tore open the envelope in his hand. A dozen bank-notes fluttered from it, and scattered themselves at his feet.



Some Curious Inventions.



THE history and growth of inventions are subjects in which all are inter-

ested. The difficulties and rebuffs which inventors have had to undergo in the perfecting of their ideas, their perseverance and ultimate success, form most interesting reading.

Vast sums of money are brought in by apparently simple inventions requiring no great mechanical knowledge. The accounts of these read more like the wildest fiction than simple fact, and are sufficient to make the least covetous among us bright yellow with jealousy. The very simplicity of some of them creates a feeling of annoyance ; we feel we could have invented them with the greatest ease. If we had only known better the wants and tastes of the public, we might ourselves have been the recipients of those compact round sums. The stylographic pen brought in £40,000 per annum, the india-rubber tips to pencils £20,000, metal plates for protecting the soles and heels of boots brought in £250,000 in all, the roller skate £200,000. A clergyman realised £400 a week by the invention of a toy ; another toy, the return ball (a wooden ball with a piece of elastic attached), brought in an annual income of £10,000, the "Dancing Jim Crow" £15,000 per annum, whilst "Pharaoh's Serpents," a chemical toy, brought in £10,000 in all ; the common needle-threader brought in £2,000 a year ; the inventor of a copper cap for children's boots was able

to leave his heir £400,000 ; whilst Singer, of sewing-machine fame, left at his death nearly £3,000,000.

But there is another side to the question—the humorous side. It is to this that I propose to confine myself more particularly here, and to describe, with the help of drawings, some of the wonderful things which people have thought it worth their while to patent, strong in the hope of making a big fortune in the near future, only to find in so many cases that their inventions were impracticable and very often perfectly ridiculous.

The prevention of sea-sickness has long been a subject of interest to all travellers. Some of the cures and preventives have been curious. One suggestion I remember

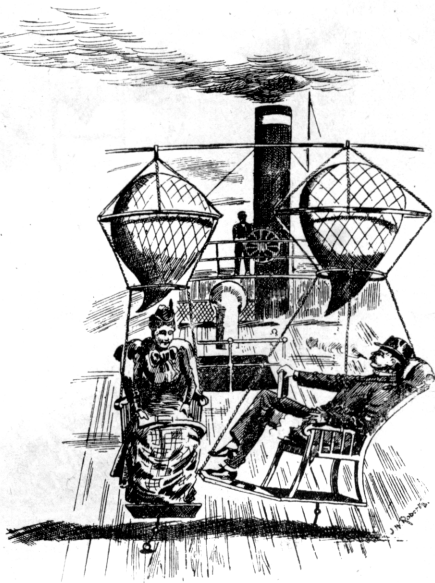


FIG. 1.

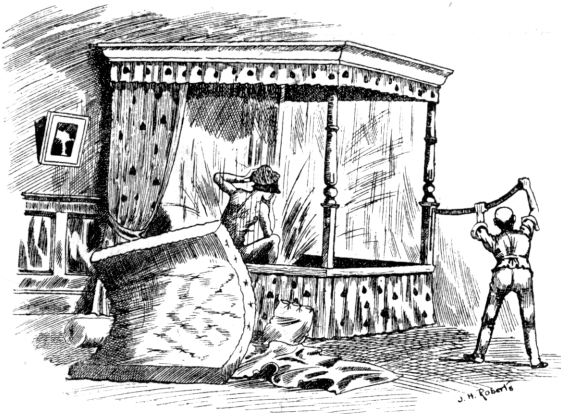


FIG. 2.

seeing recommended was the tying of a Bradshaw, or any other hard substance, tightly to the waist. But an invention depicted here (Fig. 1) beats this hollow in its originality of conception. The passenger's chair is attached to a balloon, the chair being connected to the deck by a ball and socket joint; to keep the balloon from swaying too much, it is attached to a rod above.

The next piece of furniture we will take is the bed. A man invents a four-poster, which can be converted into a bath. The

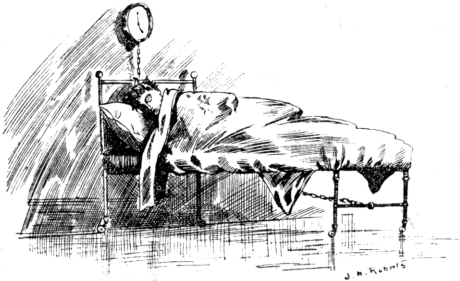


FIG. 3.

canopy above forms the vessel for the shower-bath, the water being pumped up through a pipe in one of the four uprights (Fig. 2). Another bed is called the alarum bed; at the appointed hour the two lower legs bend backwards and awake the occupant (Fig. 3).

The next thing is a vapour bath, constructed as depicted here, with a hole for the head and hands (Fig. 4). Of all the inventions mentioned in this paper, this is the only one I have ever seen in use.

The hat or cap has received a great deal of attention from the inventors. We find methods patented for making it water-proof, blow-proof, for ventilating it, for draining it, and for keeping it warm, some of these methods being as complicated and cumbrous as those applied to buildings.

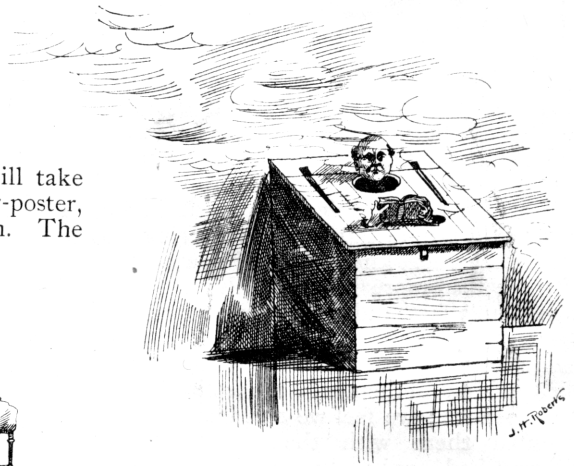


FIG. 4.

One of the methods for ventilating a hat is indeed startling. The crown is made separate from the sides. They are united by means of springs, slides, or staples, so that the crown may be partially or wholly raised, or shut down entirely, at the pleasure of the wearer!

I wonder how many of these hats were sold. I think the "every-day" man would prefer holding his hat in his hand if very hot. Perhaps this hat was intended for those whose hands are already occupied—porters carrying burdens, bakers pushing carts, or cricketers when fielding or batting (Fig. 5).

The next hat on my list goes in for being

strong, if nothing else ; it is made of tin, copper, or other metal. One can imagine the unearthly din and clatter there would be about one's head during a sharp hail or rain storm.

The next hat is patented by a scientific gentleman. His hat may be described as a medicinal or surgical hat. But let him describe it in his own words :—

"My invention consists in the introduction into coverings for heads of such combinations of metals or materials as shall form with the moist skin during the wearing of such coverings a voltaic or galvanic combination, and develop a current of electricity, the electrical current so developed curing or relieving headaches or other nervous or painful affections in the head of the wearer."

What a delightful hat to wear at the Royal Academy or other picture gallery, for these are the places which one never leaves without a headache. The doctors, I am told, have discovered the headache caused by looking at pictures to be quite unique, and I hear it has been given a name all to itself to distinguish it from others. Why should not the Royal Academy have a counter where these medicinal hats could be had on loan, after the manner of opera glasses at the theatres? or, failing this, might not private enterprise satisfy the wants of the public? I give this suggestion away to the street newspaper boy or to the street toy-seller, or any other person who cares to have it. Of course, if these hats were found satisfactory, they would be worn at all times, and in all places, whenever one had a headache ; indeed, a neuralgic person would have a hat-peg fixed over his bed with the hat hung on, ready for instant use.

The next hat is not of such an ambitious nature as the last ; it is to be used more as a preventive than a corrective. In the words

of the inventor, "It is a cap which ensures safety, ease, and comfort to the wearer when travelling ; it consists of one, two, or three air-tight circular tubes to be inflated when required for use." In this we have something very novel if nothing else, and suited to those people who tell you all they want is comfort, and that the look of the thing is nothing to them. What a curious aspect our railway stations would assume if these hats were generally worn ! Old gentlemen short of wind would tip a porter and get their hats blown

out for them ; porters would carry a pair of bellows hung from their belt expressly for this purpose. On cold days, when it would be dangerous to remove the cap from the head, passengers would blow each other out. What an animated scene ! (Fig. 6.)

The next hat on my list is one intended to protect the eyes from the sun and dust. Just over the brim we have two apertures for the eyes, filled with glass, gauze, or other suitable material. When the wearer is annoyed with the dust or sun, or in the distance views an enemy or dun (I see I have lapsed into poetry), he simply pulls his hat down to his ears and goes on



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

his way rejoicing (Fig. 7). Another inventor, apparently much struck with this invention, improves upon it. He makes the body of the hat in two parts, the upper part resting on the head, the lower part, which carries the brim, sliding over the other; it is



FIG. 7.

provided with apertures and screens as before described.

The next novelty is a reversible hat having a cloth surface for fine weather, a waterproof surface for wet weather. The next has an attachment for striking matches; the next contains a mirror. Then we have a hat constructed in such a manner that it will fit any sized head—a useful piece of clothing for large and graduating families.

The inventor we now come to has apparently been in a wholesale business, where he has got into the habit of doing things on a large and exhaustive scale, for he takes out protection for a hat with a brim or peak adapted to receive certain useful articles, namely, a looking-glass, comb, pencil, &c. But this is nothing compared to the invention of another gentleman who patents a walking-stick which contains a pistol, powder, ball, screw, telescope, pen, ink, paper, pencil, knife, and drawing materials! We can imagine this latter gentleman arriving at a sea-side lodgings without any luggage; we can see the landlady courteously, but firmly, refusing to take him in; we can see our inventor unscrewing his walking-stick, and exhibiting his belongings to the astonished landlady.

"Here, my good woman, is my luggage;" a smile from the landlady, and admission graciously granted (Fig. 8). Certainly these articles would be useless as toilet and

sleeping requisites, but why not have a Saturday to Monday walking-stick, to contain night-shirt, razor, sponge, tooth-brush and shaving-brush?

There is one more hat to be mentioned, and we must then get on to other garments.

This hat has a removable brim which can be folded up and put in the pocket; we are not told what advantage the wearer gains by getting rid of his brim in this curious and eccentric manner, but perhaps the hat is one meant more particularly for members of the conjuring profession; though it would certainly be useful to a person paying an afternoon call necessitating a hot and sunny walk. He would travel with the brim on; on approaching the house the brim would be taken off and concealed, and he would ring

the bell clothed in an ordinary hat.

In looking through these specifications, we find collars, gloves, stays, and crinolines have received the most attention. The latter seem to have exercised the brain of the inventor to a dangerous extent; the great problem was to construct a crinoline which would permit the wearer to sit down in comfort, to enter a vehicle, and to pass through narrow places. Some of the contrivances and dodges to attain these ends to the uninitiated sound most complicated. Strings and pulleys are freely used; I have only space to describe one of these inventions, I give it in the inventor's own words:—"The crinoline is made of light air-tight

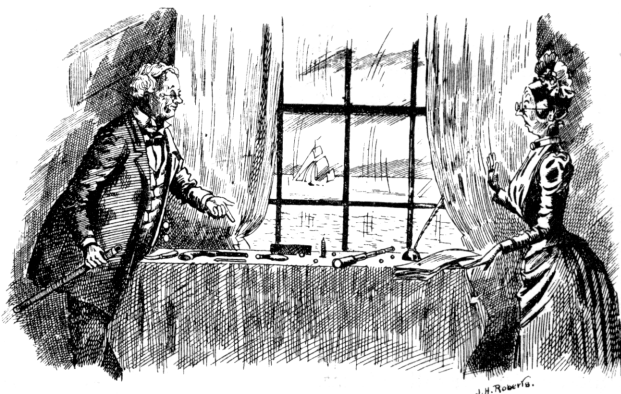


FIG. 8.

material, capable of collapsing, and having a small aperture in the upper part, in order that thereto may be adapted a minute pair of bellows of a very slender form; a second

aperture allows for the emission of air when ladies shall desire to sit down."

¶The next invention will be of interest to military men, to those fond of camping out, and travellers generally. Listen to the words of the inventor:—"My invention is an improved military cloak; the body of the cloak is nearly circular, a hood is fixed to the neck portion, sleeves are sewn to the body." Such a cloak, we are informed, forms an excellent close tent. The cloak can be suspended by the hood, holes can be made in the lower edge of the cloak for the passage of pegs, and the cold

front part of the skirt can be unbuttoned and buttoned back behind, forming swallow tails. Thus dressed the wearer can accept an invitation to dinner at a moment's notice. A white tie he could always carry with him, so as to be ready for any emergency.

Another frock coat is described which can be turned inside out and worn either way.

Here is another coat, which ensures you



FIG. 9.

may be kept out by means of the customary buttons and buttonholes.

On the first blush this sounds rather a good idea, and almost practicable, till the thing is looked into more closely. We then find that the cloak must either be very, very large for the wearer, or, on the other hand, the tent must be very, very small for the occupant. To put it graphically, we have the choice of two sorts as depicted here (Fig. 9). We are not told what happens to the sleeves when used as a tent; perhaps one is stuffed with straw to keep out the cold, the other being used as a chimney or ventilator!

Another tent coat is formed by buttoning three coats together, each one being one-third of a circle in shape. Such a tent would be all very well for two of the men, but the third, I am afraid, would have to sit outside, to say nothing of the dog, supposing there was one.

Almost as marvellous as the above is the description of a coat, the skirts of which are attached to the body in such a manner that whilst it is being worn it may be readily converted into a frock coat, a dress coat, a hunting coat. Apparently the

a soft and dry seat wherever you may sit down (Fig. 10)—a peculiarly appropriate coat for a third-class smoking carriage: "In the back part of the coat there is placed, between the lining and the cloth, a bag or cushion, which, when inflated, forms a seat. A small tube of indiarubber extends from the bag to the side pocket." Fancy travelling by train, not knowing such a thing as this coat existed, and seeing your fellow passengers gradually rising higher and higher in the world on the seat opposite to you—how uncanny it would be!

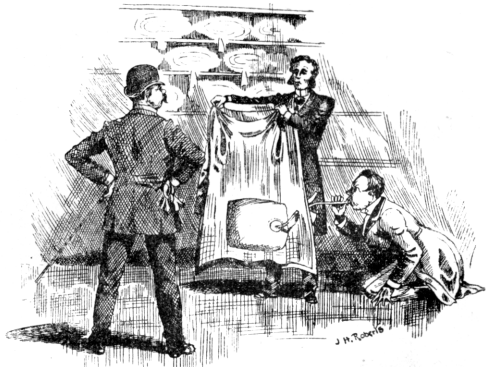


FIG. 10.

Here are a few more curiosities:—A child's bib with a trough attached, the whole made of some waterproof material; a pocket which cannot be picked; a muff and boa filled with air, to save you from a watery grave; cuffs and collars made of steel, painted or enamelled white; trousers with double legs—on the outer legs getting soiled or bespattered you tuck them up, and behold a clean pair. This arrangement would be only suitable, I should say, when worn with an overcoat. Last, but not least, we read of sham calves in stockings.

Under the head of umbrellas and walking sticks we get some very laughable inventions.

One is an umbrella, which, in some wonderful way, is converted into a walking-stick, and so formed that a spear can be attached, when it is useful as a weapon of offence and defence. I recommend it to elderly ladies in the dog-days, as a protection from sun and mad dogs.

The next invention is a rain absorber, to prevent rain from running down from hats and umbrellas. The absorber is formed either of uncovered sponges or of sponges covered by a fabric. We are naïvely told that the absorber can be readily removed from the article, squeezed, and replaced.

We next come to an article which the inventor has named (take a long breath and shut

your eyes) the "Rhabdoskidophorus." This is an umbrella which takes to pieces; the silk and ribs being hidden within the

stick, it is thus transformed into a stout walking-stick.

Let me now bring to the notice of frequenters of the Row and riders generally an umbrella with telescopic handle, which is attached to the saddle behind in such a manner that it can be adjusted to any angle. When not in use, the silk portion can be removed.

The next umbrella, to use a vulgarity, "takes the cake." It is one provided with windows, so that the occupant or user thereof can see where he is going. Thanks to this umbrella, a collision is avoided (Fig. 11).

Walking-sticks have been patented with all manner of attachments on them and within them. Among other things mentioned we find almanacks, thermometers, pistols, pipes, perfumes, inkpots, and crutches.

The feet come last, and form a fitting end to this article. There is only one invention worth mentioning, which consists of metal plates which are attached to the heels of boots, thus protecting the trousers from splashes of mud (Fig. 12).

The moral of all this is, that every man can be an inventor, but not necessarily a successful one.



FIG. 11.



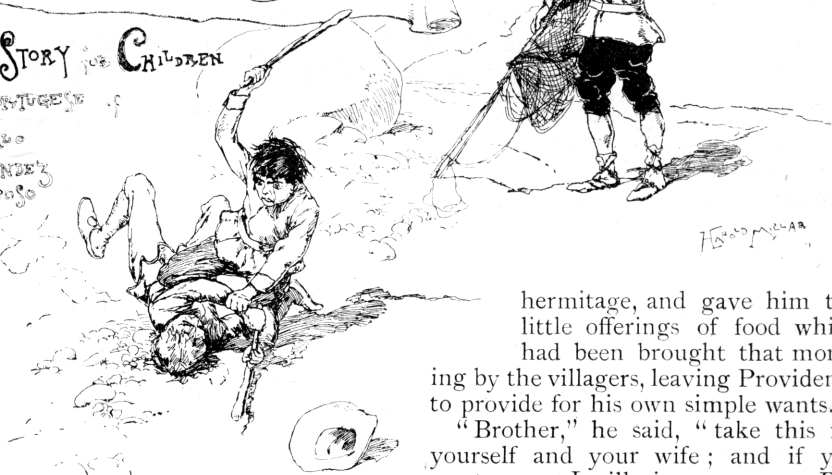
FIG. 12.

THE LUCKY COIN

A STORY for CHILDREN

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF

GONZALO
FERNANDEZ
FRANCO



ANY years ago there lived in a hermitage a holy monk. From all the villages around, the people, mostly poor labourers, were in the habit of coming to him on Sundays and festivals to hear him say mass for them. These good people used to bring little offerings of food for the support of the hermit during the week.

One Sunday, after his congregation had departed, the monk perceived a man laden with traps and nets for catching birds, crossing the field before the hermitage. The good monk went out to him.

"Where do you come from?" he inquired; "and what are you going to do, my son?"

"I live some miles from here, good father," he replied, "and I have borrowed a few nets and traps to try to catch some doves to sell, so as to get a little butter for our bread; for with that and a draught of water from the spring my wife and I are satisfied; or else to get some work to do, that I may earn enough for our support, for we have neither bread nor a single farthing to buy it."

The hermit took the man into his

hermitage, and gave him the little offerings of food which had been brought that morning by the villagers, leaving Providence to provide for his own simple wants.

"Brother," he said, "take this for yourself and your wife; and if you want money I will give you some. But you must first tell me which you choose, to earn a single coin honestly, or a hundred dishonestly."

The poor man hesitated, for great was the temptation.

"I will consult with my wife," he said at last, "and return to-morrow to inform you."

With the food in his hands he returned to his miserable home, where he and his wife made an excellent meal, for which they returned thanks to Heaven. They then consulted together about the money, and, though the temptation was great to take the hundred coins, yet, being God-fearing folks, they decided upon taking the one coin honestly acquired, and let alone the hundred.

The man accordingly returned to the hermit, and told him what they had decided.

The good monk gave him two half *reals*.

"Take this money," he said: "and may Heaven prosper you."

Full of joy the man departed. But on the road home, in a solitary spot, he encountered two lads fighting desperately; they were dealing each other terrible blows, and blood was streaming down their faces.

The man rushed up to separate them, but all his efforts only served to make them fiercer.

"Why do you fight like this?" he cried.

"We are fighting for that stone," replied one of the lads; "I saw it first!"

"No, you didn't," replied the other, "it was I, and it belongs to me!" And once more they fell to blows more desperate than before.

The poor man, fearing that the quarrel might end fatally, cried out to them:—

"Here, take each of you one of these coins, and let alone the stone; it is of no value, for it is no bigger than a walnut. And be off with you!"

The lads were glad to take the money, and ran away, thinking themselves lucky to make so good a bargain.

His wife was at the cottage door impatiently awaiting her husband. Great was her disappointment when all he brought her was a stone.

"Well, to be sure!" she cried, after he had recounted what had taken place, "I am disappointed." And, taking the little stone, she threw it into a corner of the room.

"Dear wife," replied the man, "do not take it so to heart. The money was spent in a good work; in making peace between the children of our neighbours."

His wife at length became more reconciled to the loss, considering that after all he had done right to make peace between their neighbours' sons at any cost. Not many minutes after, the parents of the two lads came to thank the man for having separated the boys. They also thanked him for the money he had given to the boys, for they knew he sorely needed it himself. Each of the parents gave him a present for his friendly service; and from that day they always treated him most kindly, and often gave him little jobs to do, so that the poor couple never wanted bread.

Not long afterwards, it happened that the King's Ambassador

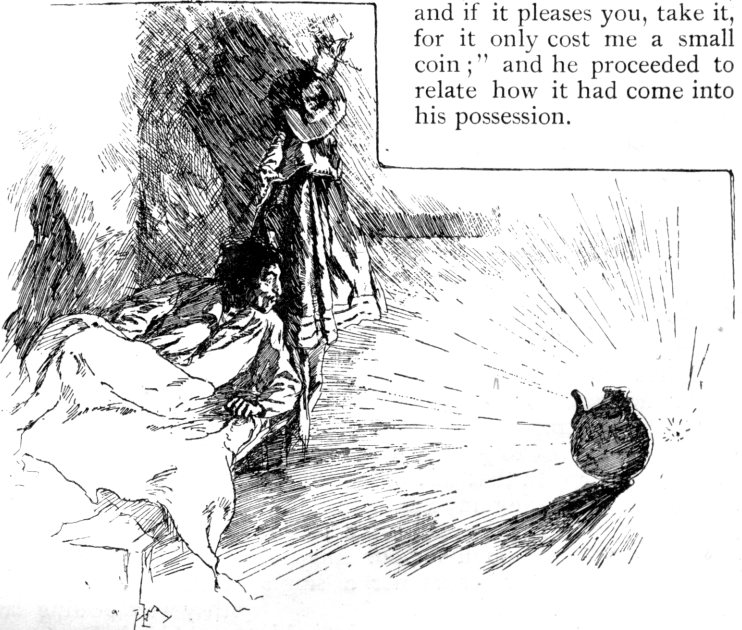
passed that way, with a great retinue of officials, secretaries, and servitors, and it fell out that, night coming on, the Ambassador decided upon taking up his quarters in the village.

The village inns were small, and could not afford accommodation for so large a retinue, and the various cottagers were asked to take in one or more of the servants. Among those who gave lodgings to the retinue were our good couple, who took in a lodger, for whom they were paid handsomely. The wife quickly prepared a clean, tidy bed, and did her best to make things comfortable.

The guest, being tired, was soon fast asleep. Towards morning he awoke, and was surprised to see the chamber bathed in a resplendent light. Knowing well that the people of the house could not afford a lamp or candles, he arose to find out whence proceeded this unusual brilliancy. Great was his astonishment to find that it proceeded from a small stone in the corner of the room, which, as the sun struck on it, sent out rays of vivid light. He took up the stone, and, believing it to be of great value, took it to the Ambassador.

When the nobleman examined the stone, he admired it greatly, and desired its owner to be sent for in order to learn all particulars about it.

"Please your Excellency," said the poor man, "it is of no use to us, and if it pleases you, take it, for it only cost me a small coin;" and he proceeded to relate how it had come into his possession.



"IT SENT OUT RAYS OF VIVID LIGHT."

The Ambassador drew forth a heavy bag of money, and, taking out a handful of gold pieces, gave them to the man.

"My good man," he said, "since you offer me the stone, I accept it gladly; but as I am leaving the kingdom, and my expenses are very heavy, I cannot give you all that it is worth. If it please Heaven, I will return this way, and I will pay you then."

The poor man did not like to accept so much gold for what he judged to be a worthless stone; but on the nobleman's entreaty he took the money, and ran back to his wife, full of joy at his good fortune. Both husband and wife then went at once to the hermit to recount to him all that had taken place, and to offer him a tenth of the money. This he refused to take, but bade them return to the village and distribute it in alms to the poor. They returned to the village accordingly, and did as the monk had bidden them. They also gave part of the money to the parents of the lads who had fought so desperately for the possession of the stone. The rest the man spent in purchasing a piece of land.

This little plot of ground proved very

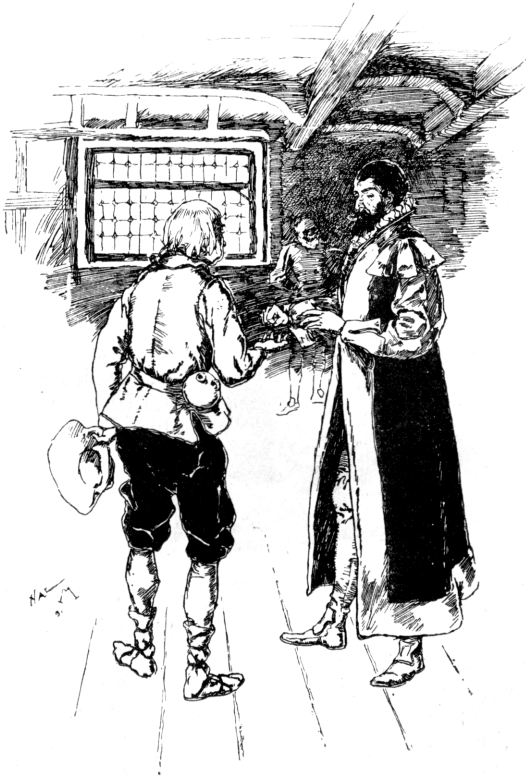
fertile, and whatever he planted produced a hundredfold. His trees were borne down by the weight of the fruit, which always fetched a good price.

Years passed ere the Ambassador returned from the foreign country, where he had gained high honours and wealth. On passing the village again where he had obtained the stone, he inquired for the good man, and was told how he had prospered with the money he had given him, and was now a person of importance.

On arriving at the Court of his sovereign he recounted to the King all that had taken place. The King was greatly pleased with the history of the honestly earned coin, and had the stone valued by the first jewellers of the kingdom, who all pronounced it to be a singularly valuable gem. A large sum was given to the Ambassador

for it, and he was loaded with distinctions and honours. The nobleman, wishing to show his gratitude for the honours conferred on him, sent handsome presents to the good man and his wife.

And so it came to pass that they, who had been honest, were now prosperous as well.



"ON THE NOBLEMAN'S ENTREATY HE TOOK THE MONEY."

The Queer Side of Things.

I.—JUDICIAL INNOCENCE.



HE attainment, by dint of superior intellectual abilities, of any high position naturally implies some individuality of character—some departure from the stereotyped mental constitution of the crowd.

In a judge, for instance, we confidently expect this departure, and we get it, in one characteristic

at any rate, to a remarkable extent; and it is this judicial trait which we now propose to consider—one little slice or fragment of judge. We would not presume to deal with an entire judge in so slight an article as this; for—never having acted as valet to one—we think of a judge with something beyond reverence.

The judicial trait we have to consider is PROGRESSIVE INNOCENCE. In the ordinary human being the birthright of innocence is rapidly squandered, and a person usually "knows too much" at the age of fifteen or so; he starts innocent and finishes knowing. But it seems to be quite otherwise with your judge; we have never known a judge as an infant, and so cannot say whether he is born innocent. The earliest reliable information about any given judge dates from his Eton or University days, and in his University days, at any rate, extreme innocence does not appear to be his chief characteristic.

But let us change the slide to a picture of his lordship seated upon his familiar and comfortable bench, and we see him clothed in innocence as with a garment, and



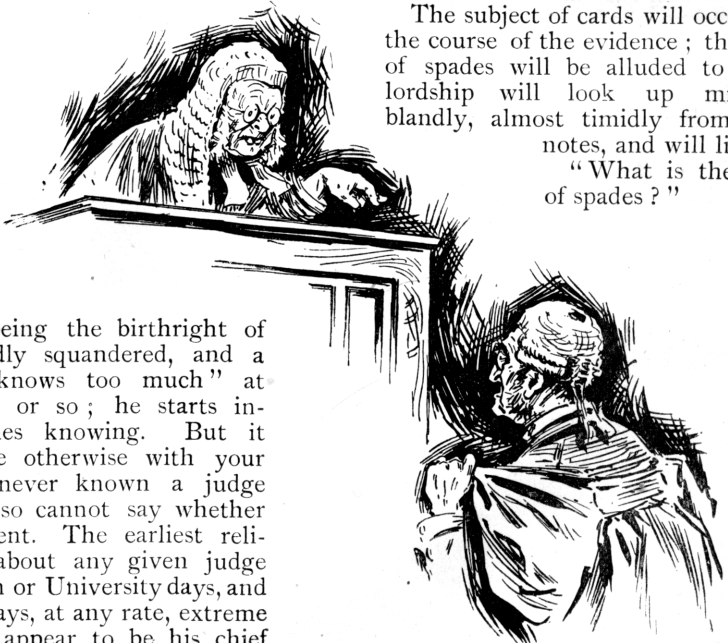
INNOCENCE.

muffled up to the eyes in overwhelming ingenuousness!

He who has read the law-court reports in the papers will have paused in amazement at the simplicity of the questions put by his lordship to witnesses, to counsel, to the usher, to anyone who will take pity on his infantine unworldliness.

The subject of cards will occur in the course of the evidence; the ace of spades will be alluded to; his lordship will look up mildly, blandly, almost timidly from his notes, and will lisp:

"What is the ace of spades?"



"WHAT IS THE ACE OF SPADES?"

"It is a card, m' lord," says Bulliwrag, Q.C.

"A card?" prattles his lordship, in his pretty little taking way; "a card is a thing people play with, is it not?" and appears to be looking about for his rattle.

"Yes, m' lord," says the witness.

"Is it the same as a visiting card—and a race card?" says his lordship.

"No, m' lord, not quite the same," says Badgeremm, Q.C., in a soothing tone, apparently designed to get baby to sleep before he can ask any more questions, and my lord bends over his notes and writes down all his new information about cards, and gazes at it in delight.

We cannot more clearly trace this remarkable evolution of innocence than by giving

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CAREER OF LORD JUSTICE TODDLES, OF HER MAJESTY'S HIGH COURTS.

(Compiled from the newspapers, and illustrated by extracts from his Lordship's diary.)

After figuring as one of the chief ornaments of Eton, young Timothy Toddles—destined to be afterwards so well known to fame—entered upon his career at the University, where his unremitting application and keen relish of learning, combined with a brilliant capacity and limitless power of assimilation, rapidly won the admiration and respect of his instructors, &c., &c.

(Extract from his diary at that period.)

"Feel just a few chippy this morning. Haven't been to roost since last Thursday. Dashwood and the other johnnies would stick at baccarat till breakfast every evening. Got fairly cleared out this journey; and worst of it is, old Moss won't part another fiver, and Flickers dunning me to bail up over the Leger transaction. Blued every maravedi, and the ancestor not to be tapped again till the 15th, and then only for a century!

"Sam Grobbs turned up with the rats. My terrier, Bob, had a little match on for a tenner with Dashwood's Nipper, and eased him of it with fifty-five seconds to the good. . . . Saw some sweet little play between Yarmouth Bloater and Bob Ribroaster, of the Three Stars. Bob led off grandly about the region of the Bloater's headlights, and dusk supervened after a few layers of it; though the Yarmouth Practitioner did negotiate a little business connected with

Bob's nibblers, some of which retired within and got digested. . . ."

Any person of insight, reading the above extract, will be irresistibly drawn to the conclusion that the study of letters did not so monopolise Mr. Toddles as to utterly banish some slight knowledge of the pursuits and customs of the life around him. At that time, indeed, indications point to the idea that he knew a thing or two—that he probably knew, at least by hearsay, the nature of the ace of spades.

But a few years later we find a marked change in him—the EVOLUTION OF INNOCENCE has set in. A sudden call to the Bar has caused his moral sense to awaken, with a cry of horror, to the enormity of his pre-



AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

vious knowledge of a thing or two: he feels, with an absolute pang, how great a danger any knowledge of the flippant life of the age must always be to the pure soul of a pleader in the courts; and we feel his thrill of horror and aversion when confronted with a witness possessed of such knowledge. Here is an extract from the case.

The Learned Counsel (*with emotion*): "Cards? Do you deliberately and unblushingly stand here and tell this court that you are in the habit of playing cards?"

Witness: "I do occasionally take a hand."

The L.C. (*wiping his brow*): "In point of fact, you deliberately admit—almost boast—that you are a card sharper? Gentlemen, you will hardly forget *that!* And the card you had in your hand was the ace of spades? Exactly! Now, gentlemen, I ask you to look at this witness—to try to



"GENTLEMEN, I ASK YOU TO LOOK AT THIS WITNESS."

realise that this man—this fellow creature (for he is still a fellow creature)—is capable, beneath his sleek and respectable exterior, of combining those base and degraded instincts—those revolting and deplor-



"OVERCOME BY EMOTION."

able inclinations which can so stifle a man's purer and loftier nature as to allow him, unblushing and unrepentant, to hold in his hand not only a card—not only a court-card—but an ace, and that ace the ace of spades! Gentlemen, we have heard of these things, but until this terrible moment, when this man stands before us in all his vileness, we have not realised them; we have not grasped the fact that they exist; that they are—how shall I utter the word?—*used!!!*" (The learned counsel was at this point so overcome by emotion that he begged leave to sit down for a moment.)

Such further light as may be needed is thrown upon this period of our Toddler's career by a few words from his diary of that date:—

"Wiped Horsewig's eye nicely over the card case, and knocked his witnesses into a cocked hat. Got our costs, too, which I hardly expected the old boy would give us."



"THE EVOLUTION OF INNOCENCE."

Dined with Horsewig in the evening, and cleared him out afterwards at poker."

* * *

More years pass, and the counsel (having become a Q.C.) is called to the bench; and the EVOLUTION OF INNOCENCE is complete. The keenest eye would fail to recognise in that chubby and cherubic judge, seated in

his lofty chair, and apparently pining for his feeding-bottle, the University student who knew a thing or two!

He is not filled with horror and aversion *now* at the mention of contaminating things; bland innocence fills the air around him, and he is unconscious of the existence of good and evil. His toys are laid out on the little desk in front of him—his pen, his ink, and his paper. Near him sits his nurse, the clerk; and all around are counsel, witnesses, jurymen, in attendance there solely to answer the artless questions which fall from his little rosy lips. It is an infant school—an idyll: it is sweetly pretty.

"And what do people do with cards?" asks his lordship.

"They play with them, ducky," replies Bulliwrag, Q.C.

"Play with them?" repeats his lordship, beginning to get restless, and rubbing his eyes ominously. "*I* want to get down and play. Isn't it lunch time?"

And the clerk hastily gets up, and hoists up his lordship just as he is slipping out of his chair, and pats him soothingly; but he won't sit up and listen any more, and he *won't* understand what a card is, and he pouts until the barristers stop their ears in anxious anticipation; and the usher takes up his lordship, and dances him up and down, and

hurries him away to his private room and his bottle—of dry sherry.

Can we have dreamed that we once encountered in a railway carriage an elderly gentleman of overwhelmingly innocent mien? There he seemed to sit, sucking his umbrella handle, and, as we entered the



INNOCENT DELIGHT.

compartment, he gazed at us with round eyes full of innocent delight, and crowed.

"Fine day for the Ascot Cup," we remarked; and he took the handle from his mouth—leaving a little dewy drip on his chubby chin—and said, "Astot tup?"

We explained, in language as simple as possible, the nature of the Ascot Cup contest; but his round blue eyes were full of puzzled wonder, and he loudly crowed again. Then we tried the Labour Commission, the short service system, and the bearings of the Jackson case on the future relations of husband and wife. Here he crowed loudly, rammed both his thumbs into his mouth, and said: "Baby tink's yat 'ee decision in that case was as intrinsically bad in law as it was distinctly and perniciously opposed to those legal traditions which, though finding their basis in no legislative enactment, should, as nurturing the very root of all true social well-being, and forming, as they unquestionably do, the substructure of that order to which society owes its very essence and being—ahem!"

He stopped abruptly in confusion; but instantly perceiving that he had gone too



"THE CLERK HOISTS UP HIS LORDSHIP."

far for further dissimulation to be of any avail, he slowly closed one eye with an excruciating wink, and jerked his thumb three times over his left shoulder.

"Innocent, my dear sir?" he said. "We judges innocent? All put on, sir—a mere trick of the trade. Merely done for effect,

sir, as a foil to emphasise and contrast the depth of our erudition, and the grasp and subtlety of our reasoning when we come to the summing up. See?—ahem!"

A stranger entered the compartment, and his lordship replaced his umbrella handle and crowed violently.

G. F. SULLIVAN.





II.—A VARIATION ON TWO SUITS.



THE JOYS OF CYCLING.—I.

ENTHUSIASTIC PHOTOGRAPHER: "JUST A MOMENT LIKE THAT, PLEASE!"



THE JOYS OF CYCLING.—II.

LANDLADY: "TOWEL NOT CLEAN! WHY TWENTY GENTS HAVE USED THAT TOWEL, AND NEVER SAID A WORD!"



SINGING MASTER: "OPEN YOUR MOUTH LIKE THIS. NOW!"

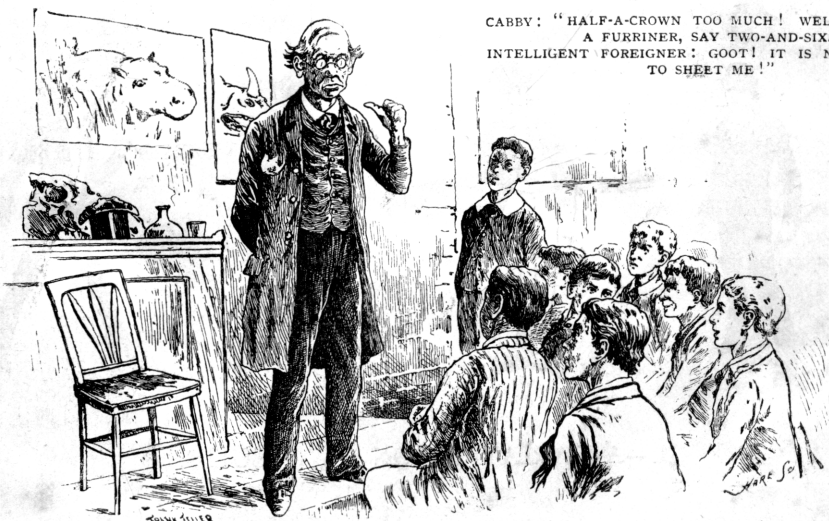
PUPIL (AFTER A TREMENDOUS EFFORT): "THERE! WHAT'S THAT GOOD FOR?"

SINGING MASTER: "AN AUCTIONEER."



CABBY: "HALF-A-CROWN TOO MUCH! WELL, AS YOU'RE A FURRINER, SAY TWO-AND-SIX."

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER: "GOOT! IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO SHEET ME!"



PROFESSOR: "NOW, IN ORDER TO GET A CORRECT IDEA OF THIS HIDEOUS ANIMAL, I MUST REQUEST YOU TO FIX YOUR EYES ATTENTIVELY ON ME."